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Sept - Oct, 1990

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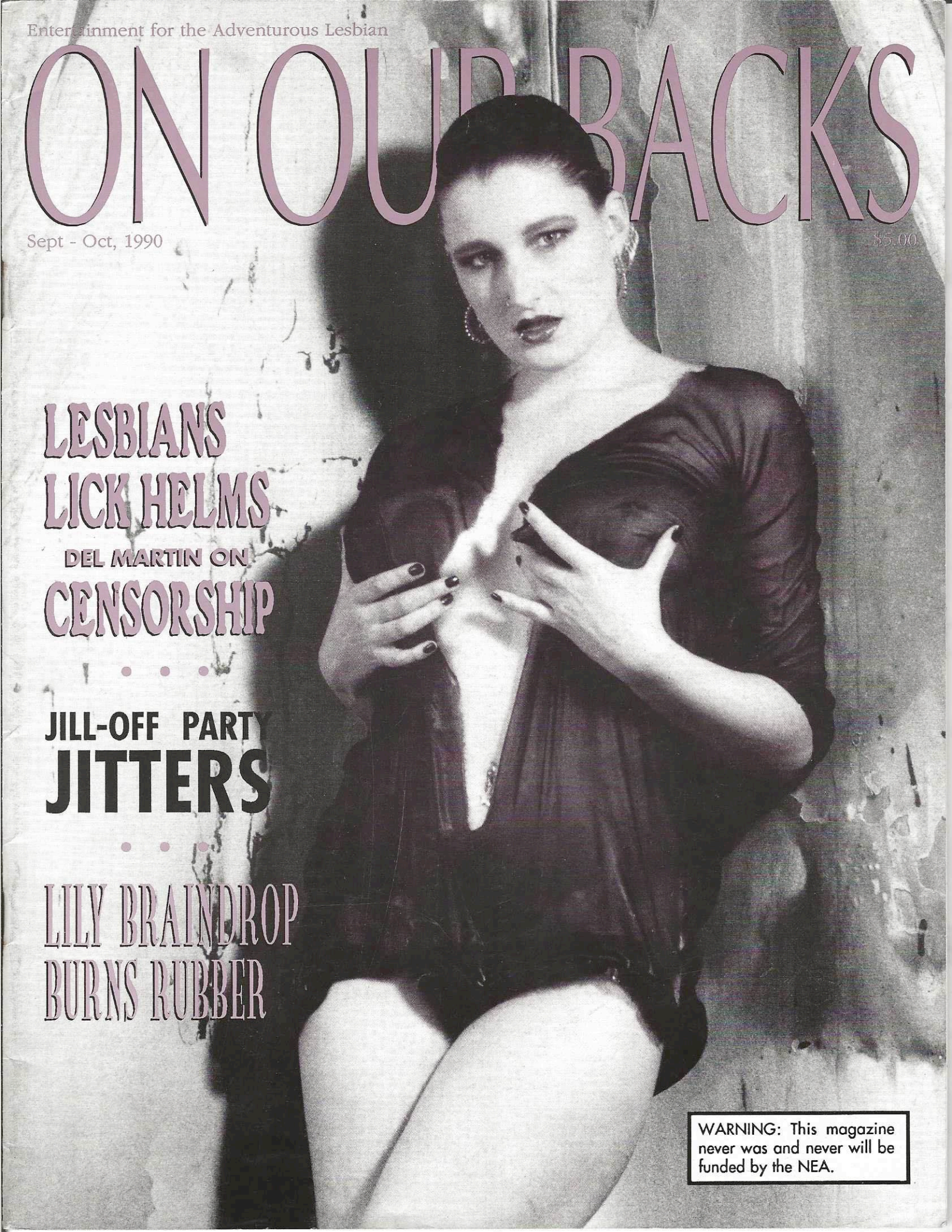

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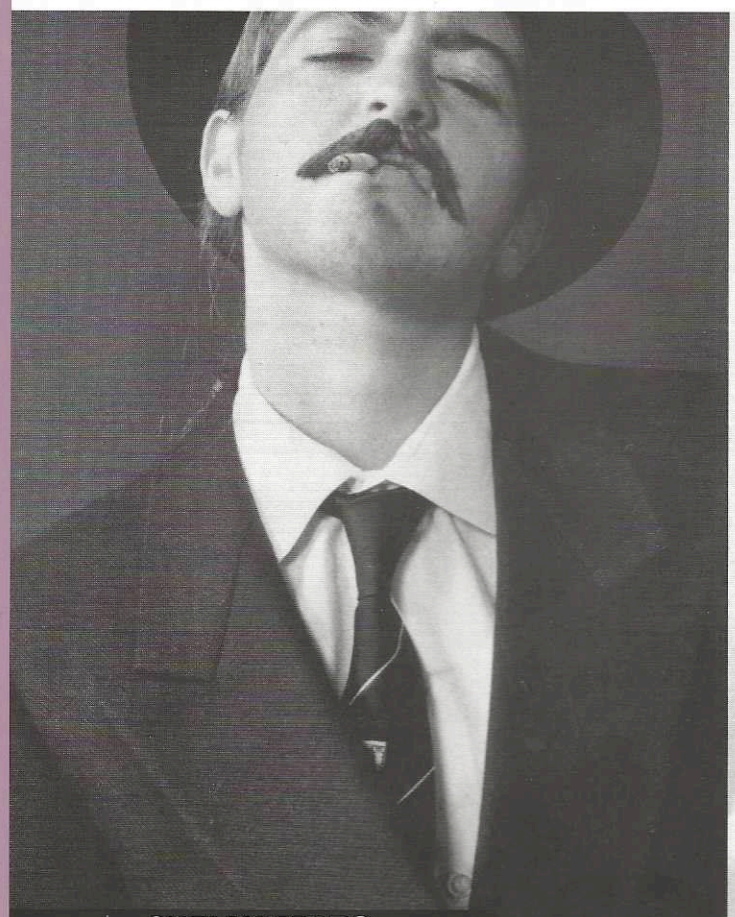

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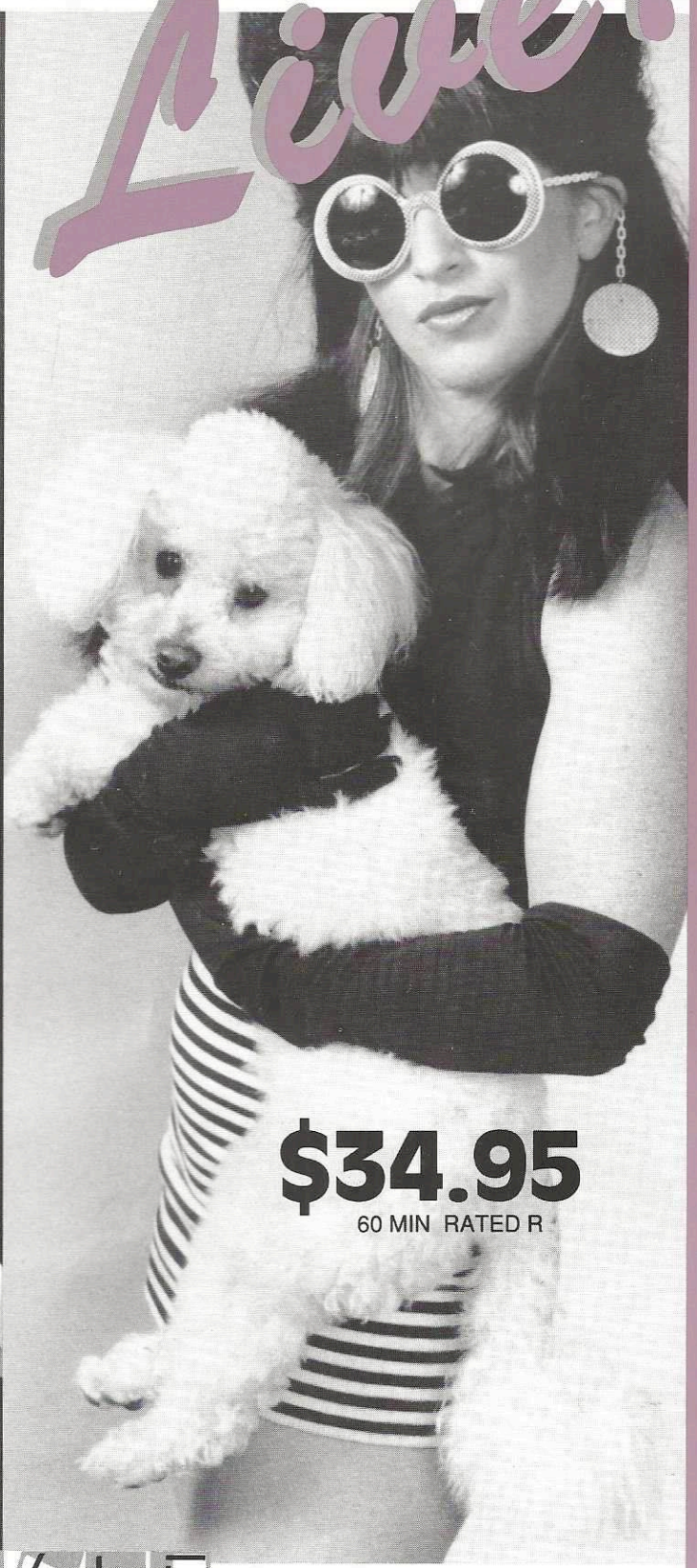

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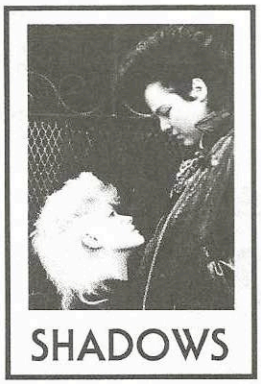

SHADOWS
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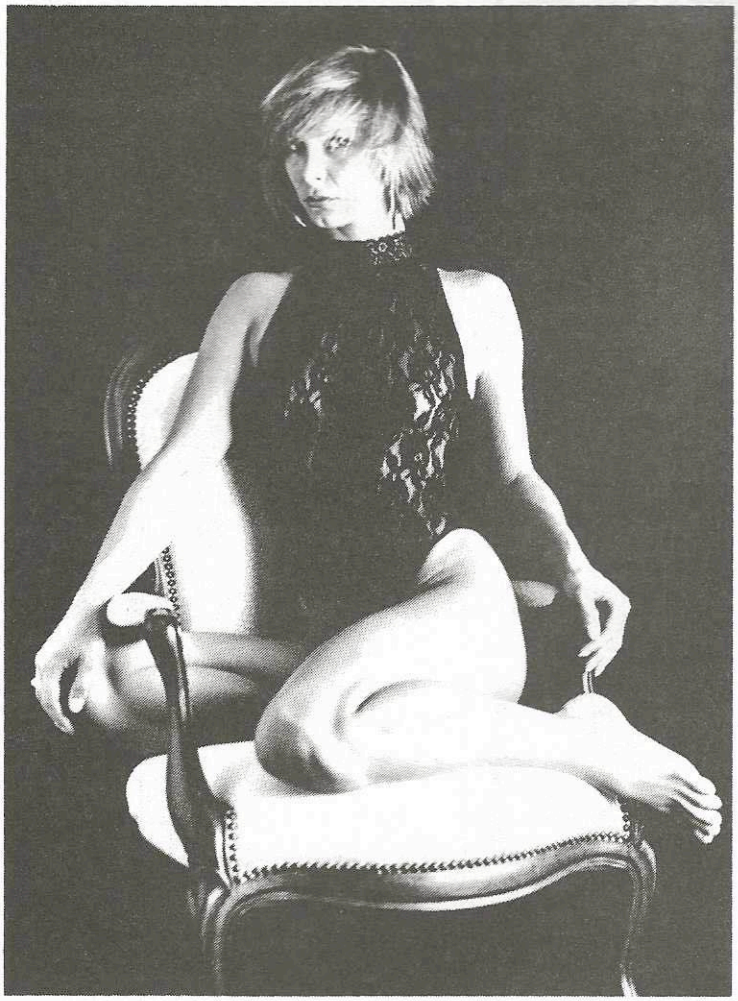

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Vol. 7 No. 1 Sept-Oct, 1990

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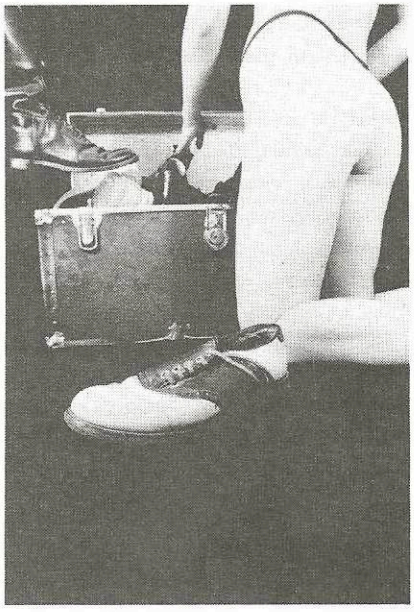

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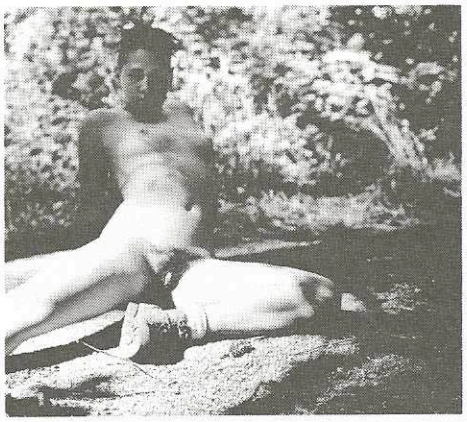
Pescada is a bona fide voyeur with exhibitionist tendencies. She says photography allows her to take both of these talents in hand.



Pescada out of water

Lydia Bell says "I'm 26, a student at NYU, musician, and freelance writer. I've written for the anarchist journal *Kick It Over* and have been in several noisy experimental bands, including an all-women one called Mourning Sickness. We had our first single rejected as "obscene." I'm also a militant femme who enjoys lipstick and lingerie but is unable to walk far in high heels without falling on my face."

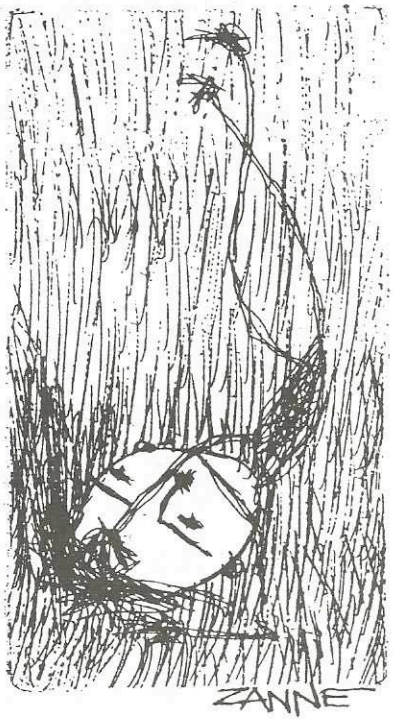
Del Martin has been an activist in the lesbian community long before it was called the lesbian community. In the 1950's together with Phyllis Lyon, she founded the Daughters of Bilitis, one of the very first lesbian organizations. She is a renowned lecturer, the author of *Battered Wives* and co-author of *Lesbian/Woman.* She lives with Phyllis in San Francisco.

Liz Zee is a musician and writer who leads a life full of surprises in suburban Washington, D.C.

Phyllis Christopher wears a size 9 shoe. She would just delight in slipping her bare feet into your worn shoes. Please send your contributions to her, c/o OOB.

"Phyllis wears a size 9," says **Kris Kovick**, "and my pussy's a size 8. Perfect!"

Carol Queen is a San Francisco sex educator, sex worker, and writer (about sex.) She helps produce the Jack-and-Jill-Off parties and is working on a novel. She identifies as a post-lesbian, post-feminist gadfly theorist.



Zanne drops acid in the East Village

Annie Sprinkle is currently teaching a series of workshops called *Sluts and Goddesses.* It lets women explore and embrace their sensual/sexual personalities through dressing in wild costumes, channelling sexual energy and having lots of fun! For more information call: 212-779-0735.

Fish & Deva are founding members of BRATS: Bitches and Butches Revolt Against Attitudes That Suck! **Deva** likes to alternate between Bitch from Hell and Sweet Submissive Momma's Girl. She thinks big women should put themselves out there and strut their stuff! **Fish** is a lapdyke who believes in mix & match genderbending, bitches, big boots and fucking with the leather rules.

Zanne Prud'homme runs XIXAX, a women's punk club/art gallery/performance space on Sunday nights at The Crystal Pistol in San Francisco. She's into larger-than-life lesbian erotic paintings, publishing her work in *The Guardian, The Sentinel* and *Out/Look*, and running from the government. Her latest project is an illustrated board game, used in therapy by child survivors of sexual abuse.

HAPPY 6TH ANNIVERSARY! . . . . .

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO BUY A BIG DILDO

Today I went to Eve's Garden to buy a dildo and came away with your magazine too. Fanny is gorgeous! Love to nibble on those pearls. *On Our Backs* reawakened my love/lust for women by informing me about women who are into being feminine. All lesbians don't wear farm outfits! It was also encouraging for me to read about women who didn't have to play Butch/Femme either. I'm a tall woman who was always put in a position to be the "man" when I just wanted to have sex! I live in the Bronx and there's a zillion Latina dykes here. Hope you can represent them!

Moira Boyd
Bronx, NY

TWIN PEAKS . . . . . .

I was so glad to read Jimmie Pearl's "Kiss in the Mirror" (May/June 90) about lovers who look/dress the same. As a basically butch dyke who likes butch-looking women, I sometimes feel isolated and even pressured to "chase skirts." And sometimes I do. But in general, I go for flashy butches.

So thanks for the acknowledgement that not only opposites attract!

Bethaniel
Flint, MI

CUSTOM FIT . . . . . .

I recently ordered *Clips* through your magazine. Instead of the video, however, I received a Notice of Detention from Canadian Customs and Excise. Apparently, anything (printed matter, videos, even audio cassettes) depicting anal penetration is prohibited entry into the "true North, strong and free." I have my own theory as to why: Customs officials are all assholes and they take it personally!

HONEY LEE COTTRELL

Thanks to all of our readers for six years of sex and support! From the staff at *On Our Backs*. (Clockwise from bottom center) Nan Kinney, Robin Simmons, Greta Christina, Debi Sundahl, Susie Bright, Lisa LaBia, LuLu Belliveau, Marcy Sheiner.

Sadly, the video is now the property of Her Majesty. When I read the notice, I flashed on Elizabeth II popping the tape into the royal VCR and sitting back with one hand on her Corgi and the other on her pussy. Better still I like to think that the customs officer who personally viewed and confiscated the video is a big, butch dyke with pierced vulva safely tucked away in the polyester pants of her uniform.

I was thinking of organizing a protest demonstration. I'd gather every dyke from across our two countries and we'd have this massive "Fuck-In" right on the Canada-U.S. border. Anal penetration being the feature attraction.

Every past event which has contributed in some way to my process of coming out over the years, suddenly meant little the day I got that notice in the mail. I came out the day the Canadian government recognized my lesbianism with black typewriter ink!

Laura Annibalinii
Toronto, Canada

WHO'S THAT GIRL? . . . . .

Who was that amazing dark-haired woman on the cover of the May/June issue? Several earth-shattering orgasms have taken place in my bathtub as I gazed at that hot number. Does she have a twin in Ohio?

Beth Latiashe
Akron, OH

(more letters on page 7)

. . .

This cleaning up of our culture must extend to nearly all domains. Theater, art, literature, movies, the press, bill posters and window displays must be cleaned of the symptoms of a rotting world and put into the service of a moral idea of state and culture. Public life has to be freed from the suffocating perfume of our modern eroticism . . .

For it is an affair of The State — that means of the government — to prevent a people from being driven into the arms of spiritual lunacy.

— Adolph Hitler
"Mein Kampf"

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DEFEAT JESSE HELMS

Sound familiar? The political atmosphere in this country is frighteningly similar to that of pre-World War II Germany. Senator Jesse Helms has proclaimed himself the arbiter of America's sexual morality, and is leading the fight to limit what you will be allowed to read, write, say, and hear.

We can make a difference! Helms has never won a Senate seat with more than 54% of the vote. This year, he is being opposed by Harvey Gantt, a black progressive Democrat who is making his opposition to Helms' censorship policies one of his most prominent campaign issues.

Helms can and must be defeated, and you can help! Use this form to subscribe to *On Our Backs* by November 1st, and we will donate $2 from the subscription price plus a matching $2 to Harvey Gantt's Senate campaign. If you want to do more, send donations to: Harvey Gantt for Senate, 700 E. Stonewall St. Suite 655, Charlotte, NC 28202. Let him know it's queer money.

❑ **YES, I want to help defeat Jesse Helms. Enclosed is my $30 for a one year subscription. I understand that $2 of the sub price plus a matching $2 from On Our Backs will be donated to the campaign of Harvey Gantt.**

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THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH . . .

As a group of concerned gay and lesbian employees of Williams-Sonoma, we are compelled to write in response to a recent article you published regarding the "unfair" firing of a lesbian couple from our corporate offices. ("Sextracts" March/April 90) We feel that your article did not give any true representation of us, the other homosexual employees of Williams-Sonoma, and of our experience with the company.

Our personal employment ranges from one to five years in various departments of the corporate offices and we can unequivocally say that none of us on any occasion has been subjected to any form of discrimination, especially that of our sexual orientation. We are all "out" and quite proud of who we are.

We believe that any finger-pointing should return to the individuals responsible and not to Williams-Sonoma as a whole. We are not "corporate slimedogs from Hell"—please check your facts before you presume to speak for all of us.

Julie Ann Anderson
GiGi Evans
Marc Kimball
Eddie Lopez
Johnathan Plotzker
Lupe Rosenbaum
Rick Hoffman
Steven Kloman
Kathy Wiley
David Ambrose
Joy Ele
Cory Pritchard

Sextracts Responds: *The fact that some gay and lesbian employees are accepted at Williams-Sonoma does not mean that homophobic discrimination does not exist there. We are pleased that your experience with Williams-Sonoma has been positive; however, that has not been the case for Maria Elena Mestayer and Monica Jaquez.*

Upon receiving your letter, Sextracts spoke again with Maria Gil de Lamadrid, staff attorney at the National Center for Lesbian Rights and director of their Lesbians of Color project. She informed us that Williams-Sonoma had not only "absolutely refused" to discuss a settlement with the NCLR, but had used "intimidation tactics" and tried to "paper us to death" in an effort to get the case dismissed. (These efforts were unsuccessful; as of this writing, Williams-Sonoma is still refusing to discuss a settlement, the case is proceeding.)

NCLR's theory on the case is that Maria-Elena was targeted as alesbian of color who dared to speak out against her working conditions, and that Monica was guilty by association for being Maria-Elena's lover in addition to being a Latina lesbian. As to your comment that "any finger-pointing should return to the individuals responsible and not to Williams-Sonoma as a whole," de Lamadrid points out that "a company is always responsible for what its supervisors do within the scope of their employment." Furthermore, Sextracts would like to point out that, by refusing to negotiate with the NCLR about Mestayer and Jaquez, Williams-Sonoma has given their tacit approval of the couple's dismissal.

We stand by our story.

"How about a massive 'Fuck In' right on the Canada–U.S. border?"

ONE OF A KIND . . . . . .

As an Individualist, I respect the staff at *On Our Backs* completely. You have been true pioneers in trying to liberate our culture from the bullshit political stranglehold maintained by a small percentage of dykes. I believe you help a lot of women say "fuck this shit." I wish I could meet all of you. I haven't had much luck meeting Individualists in Connecticut.

Charmaine Craggs
Wallingford, CT

WHAT'S A DYKE DADDY TO DO? . . .

It is a pleasure to see that the editorial policy of your magazine knows the difference between shared viewpoint and political dogma. Fanny Fatale's analysis of "Dyke Daddies" or "The New Bisexuals" (May/June 90) was unnervingly accurate and insightful. However, I disagree that a properly uninhibited DD will steer away from his attraction to gay women. If only life, or sex, was that simple. None of my enjoyable forays beyond the realm of vanilla have lessened my lesbophilia. They have actually made it worse. I'd like to say that I've come to terms with my interests. The tough part is that the majority of gay women see us as noxious pests. So I expect that Dyke Daddy liberation will still be many years away at best.

Xian Deaux
Chicago, IL

Editor's Note: *"Cream on Chrome" (May/June 90) featured photos of motorcyclists and a few words about the upcoming Women's Motorcycle Festival. The photos were reprinted from "a dyke's bike repair handbook" They were not taken at the Festival, nor were they meant to endorse the consumption of alcohol at the Festival. Our sincere apologies to the organizers of the Women's Motorcycle Festival for any misrepresentation.*

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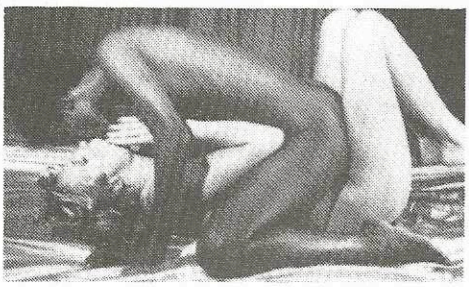

ANOTHER WOMAN'S FANTASY

As Nicole sizzles on stage she draws Alex into a dreamworld of erotic excitement.

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"...CHRIST, I WISH I HAD A REAL DICK SOMETIMES."

TRANSSEXUAL TRAUMA

COCK COSMOTOLOGY

Dear Fanny: I am butch and have wanted to get a sex change operation for most of my life. Although I have intimate and intense sensations while making love to my partner with a dildo, and am usually happy with this, sometimes the desire to have a real cock and a man's body just comes over me, leaving me depressed for a few days. Since I have gotten a lot of recognition for being masculine the last few years, this desire surfaces less often. I LIKE the gay community - it's lifestyle and sensibility. I don't want to lose myself in suburbia, hiding my "sex change secret". But Christ, I wish I had a real dick sometimes. If anyone could offer some help with this, it seems you might.

-Cock Thirsty

Dear Thirsty: *I am assuming that your reasons for wanting a cock are, as you said, strictly physical, therefore getting a dick if you want one should be as acceptable as getting bigger boobs or a facelift. However, cosmetic surgery can't be a substitute for the work we need to do to make us happy inside. We also need to take care of ourselves physically instead of relying on pills and facelifts to fix abuses. Yet, put into a positive perspective, why not look and feel different, if that's what you want to do?*

Facelifts are no longer secret procedures performed solely on rich matrons. Medical advances and social attitudes have made cosmetic surgery accessible and acceptable for the mainstream. Unfortunately, altering one's body for sexual reasons, as opposed to health and beauty, is still relatively unacceptable. These days if you want to get a dick, you have to go through two years of psychoanalysis to convince the doctors you will commit suicide if you can't free the other sex trapped in your body. Please! Spare us the hysterics over a sex toy!

The most cost-effective and painless approach toward sex change operations today is a philosophical one. Dissatisfaction with our bodies is one of our culture's favorite neurotic pastimes. There will always be something we wish we had that we don't. I believe some female-to-male sex change operations could be avoided if the woman could use sex to express her masculinity. Sometimes those romantic notions of families in suburbs and "male privilege" are just suppressed sexual desires. For example, lack of recognition for one's full-blown butch identity and the absence of a partner who knows how to appreciate this special masculinity, can make a woman feel like she has to be the "real thing" in order to simply get her cock sucked. With the sexual ignorance that is rampant in medical and physiological fields, I question whether this sexual issue has ever been examined.

As for the operation itself, you can get a much better pussy than a cock. Let's blame the patriarchy for this, too! Today's surgical cocks are small (under 6 inches) and can't get hard by themselves. I hear they are putting silicon implants into real dicks to make them bigger, but a dick created from scratch leaves something to be desired. Are male doctors threatened by the thought of making dicks?

I encourage you to find out all about sex change operations by contacting your local transsexual organization through a gay hotline. Annie Sprinkle's videotape "Linda/Les & Annie: The First Female-to-Male Transsexual Love Story" gives an inside, personal view of fucking and loving with a man-made dick. Though the "male privilege" garbage Linda/Les talks about made me roll my eyes in disgust, I couldn't help but feel empathy for these two women who are experimenting with stuff most people can't even imagine, much less have the guts to do.

We've only begun to explore our sexuality and free ourselves from autocratic communication skills. We live in a frustrating, transitional time; we have a sense of what is possible, but its not within our grasp. As people get more adept at acting out their genderfuck fantasies, you won't be the only one longing to experience what it would be like to have a real pussy or dick. Most people's longing simply won't be as intense as yours.

We might as well enjoy our fantasies. They're what make dreams come true.

RUB A DUB DUB

Dear Fanny: I am getting involved sexually with a friend who is currently in a relationship. We have talked about keeping this all on a casual level. I've been attracted to her for a long time and feel that being "casual" will truly be a test of my emotions. Her girlfriend, who I don't

(continued on page 44)

It's A Girl!

HONEY LEE COTTRELL

Aretha Elizabeth Bright Born: June 28 3:53 AM 6lbs., 14oz.

We've got a football in her bassinet and three pairs of rumba tights in the dresser.

There is no such thing as natural childbirth. Having a baby is without a doubt a supernatural experience.

The pain is inseparable from the accomplishment. The medical technology, no matter how advanced it seems, is a slave to the unpredictability of birth. Or, as my favorite lesbian nurse put it, "Delivering babies is an art, not a science." I suspect raising them is the same.

Here's a list of my favorite questions that have come in since Aretha Elizabeth made her first appearance.

1. Is she butch or femme?

We've got a football in her bassinet and three pairs of rumba tights in the dresser. Only time will tell.

2. Does using a vibrator during labor cut down on the pain?

Didn't I tell you a million times? Don't leave home without it. I rode out many of my painful contractions with my pink Oster wand keeping time on my clit. Vibration during labor is not about reaching orgasm. What it *does* do is overlay the

SUSIE BRIGHT

painful sensation with a pleasurable one. This served as a valuable confusion, until I dilated to 6 centimeters, at which point I said, "Bring on the drugs."

3. What about drugs?

Epidural-introduced pain relief is state of the art anesthetic. Thank you to the *On Our Backs* reader, an anesthesiologist from Los Angeles, who wrote to me about all the details beforehand. The bottom line is, don't let anyone tell you that you can't feel anything with anesthesia. Anesthesia is like a volume knob that controls the spectrum of sensation; you can turn it down without turning it off.

4. What does breast milk taste like?

Milk and honey. It gushes when it comes in.

5. How soon can you have sex after childbirth? Is it true you won't feel like having sex afterwards?

The books say six weeks. I wanted to make love more than anything two days after I got home. "Six Weeks" is typical of the kind of rules the hospitals routinely follow, without any consideration of the individual. Only you know when and how you want to be touched.

Although I went through an attempt at vaginal delivery, my baby was in distress and ended up being delivered by Caesarean section. Afterwards, my vagina wasn't sore, only my belly and especially my back. More than typical lust, I wanted to be caressed and held and recognized in my new body. The baby is nothing but sensuality personified and this rubs off on momma, too. I find myself staring at other women's breasts more intently. My physical affection is boundless—it expresses itself as easily as my milk. Let's face it, if it wasn't for sleep deprivation, I would be a virtual love goddess.

6. Are you bored, restless, post-partum blue?

Now that I have the mornings free to read the papers and watch the talk shows, I have developed one huge post-partum fit about America's Great Morals Panic of the 90's. I cringe every time they speak of protecting women and children. The only thing this mother is interested in protecting is The Bill of Rights.

I had a long talk with Aretha about how the bigots and politicians are using us, women and kids, like gunpowder. They're persecuting us queers and artists and our new extended families to make a new social order that makes the Third Reich look like a test run. 'Retha told me she'd rather die on her feet than live on her knees. I told her she has to learn to hold her head up first. Δ

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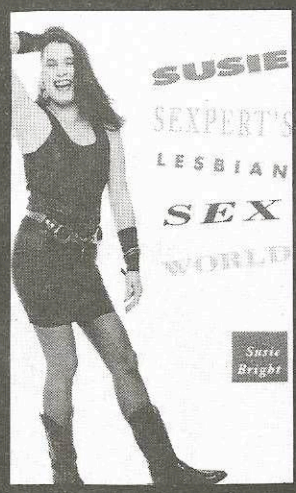

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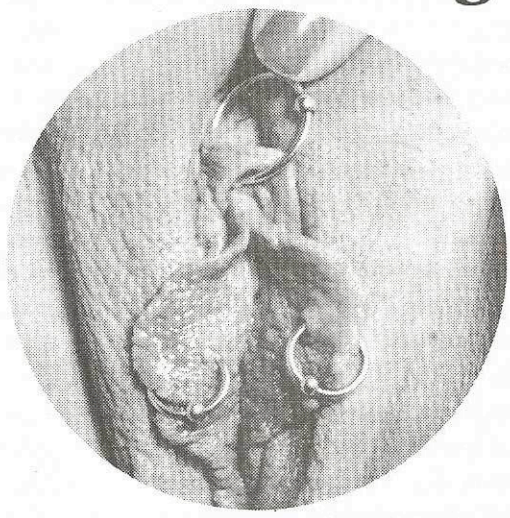

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Read This Now

(While You Still Can)

Censorship. Along with so many civil liberties that the right wing feels we can do without, our First Amendment right to say and read and hear what we choose is disintegrating right before our eyes. It isn't only the National Endowment for the Arts that's in danger of restriction or obliteration for supporting sexually subversive material. Artists, writers, and performers all over the country are being threatened, not just with loss of federal funding, but with economic intimidation, confiscation and destruction of artwork and equipment, and even with prison itself.

You've probably all heard about the lead singer for 2 Live Crew being tossed in the slammer for daring to sing about sex in Florida. But did you know that Dennis Barrie, the director of the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati, is facing the possibility of a year-long prison sentence for permitting the Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit to appear at his museum? Had you heard that a law passed recently in Memphis, Tennessee, prohibits minors from attending concerts and performances which feature sexually provocative conduct — including displays or descriptions of homosexuality — and that both concert producers and parents could be jailed or fined if kids get into shows and hear about queer sex?

It gets scarier. Jock Sturges, a San Francisco art photographer whose photos have appeared at numerous galleries including the New York Museum of Modern Art, has had photos, negatives, business records, and photographic equipment confiscated by the FBI. His crime? Taking pictures at nude beaches, including, with their parents' permission, nonsexual photographs of naked children. And *Sassy* magazine, a teen girls' rag which set itself apart by providing basic sex education and information alongside the make-up tips and pop star interviews, was targeted by a right-wing boycott of *Sassy* advertisers, and was forced to remove any content which might have put a dent in teenage sexual ignorance.

If you think censorship only means you won't get to look at hot porn, think again. Much of the work being targeted involves political dissent and cultural deviance as well as explicit sexuality. And just being queer is itself enough to call attention to the art police. Frameline, the organization which puts together the annual San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, has had its NEA funding thrown into doubt, supposedly because of the few films in the festival with homoerotic content.

"But what can I do about it?" we hear you cry. The issue is free speech, and the most important thing you can do is to *speak out!* The right wing has a stranglehold on our elected officials, not because they're in the majority, but because they're well-organized, well-funded, and extremely vocal. Legislators are afraid to speak out against censorship for fear of sounding like they're in favor of smut, perversion, and the destruction of the moral fiber of our nation. From the smallest local school boards to the most powerful U. S. senators, let your government know that you will support them in their efforts to halt the erosion of your civil rights; and that any steps they take to restrict what you can see and hear and read will be met with a good swift kick in the ballot box.

Remember — Jesse Helms is up for re-election this year. *See Page 6 for the campaign address of his opponent.*

Uniform Fetishists, Unite!

Polish those boots and buttons, girls, you've found your place at last. A recent Defense Department study group reports that, contrary to conventional wisdom, homosexuals are in fact *better* suited to military life than our hetero comrades. (A somewhat dubious compliment, but any port in a storm.)

The report focused on school conduct records, thinking skills, adjustment to military life, and drug abuse. Gays were found to be superior in every category except drug and alchohol problems. (We look cuter in fatigues, too, an issue the report shamefully overlooked.) The findings are especially pertinent in light of the military's persistent harassment and discrimination against queers, and the Supreme Court's recent and repeated refusal to even consider the matter.

Naturally, the Pentagon has rejected these findings. They've commissioned a second study to probe more deeply into the question of security risks and blackmail, a subject the study group clearly shortchanged when it concluded that gays were no more vulnerable to these problems than straights. They'll probably keep doing studies until they get the results they want. Your defense dollars at work.

Lesbians Against Motherhood

It was the local gay clinic's Lesbian Health Day, with worskshops on co-dependency and dyke motherhood. You can't get much more respectable than that and still be queer, right? Well, there's just no pleasing some people. The Whitman-Walker Clinic in Washington, D. C., which recently held the aforementioned instructional sessions on the care and feeding of dykes, was targeted with anonymous flyers denouncing these workshop topics for supporting the "heteropatriarchy."

The flyers claimed that co-dependency is a "psychological hoax" and added that "we need to stop providing and attending seminars on co-dependency and start the real recovery by ending male dominance." (Tell it to the women being beaten up by their drunken girlfriends.) The flyer also claimed that to be a lesbian mother is to "not take yourself or your Lesbian politics seriously," since "almost all babies born by artificial insemination are boys" (a statistic probably found in the *National Enquirer*) and these boys "will more than likely rape, batter, and harass girls and women."

Once again, girls, let's hear it for the noble dykes with the guts to attack the true rotten core at the heart of the heteropatriarchy — other lesbians.

Sextracts: Greta Christina **Illustrations: Kris Kovick**

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When Jills Meet Jacks . . . . . .

No fantasy prepared me to step through the unmarked door of the South of Market warehouse where the very first Jack-and-Jill-Off safe sex party was being held. Nothing about my female upbringing prepared me for it either, but I was busy experimenting. I'd grown out of being a babydyke and the kinds of sex I was dreaming about bore about as much resemblance to egalitarian lesbian sex as they did walking down the aisle dressed in white. I wanted to step through the looking glass when I walked through that door. To tell the truth, I wanted to try being a faggot for a change.

An hour into the party I was perched on a woman's knee, sliding my very wet pussy up and down her smooth thigh.

Maybe that was also the fantasy of the women who first implored a couple of their gay men friends, members of the San Francisco Jacks, to let them sneak into a men's jack-off party. "No!" wailed the men, shocked. So maybe it was time for a different kind of party...

I heard about the historic event, where over one hundred people were expected to attend, and decided I had to go. I negotiated with myself: Check it out. You can leave, or stay and watch, or stay and play. My only group sex experiences had been threesomes and foursomes and now I was pushing my limits. Yeah, I was terrified, but I knew I would learn something new.

An hour into the party I was a perched on a woman's knee, sliding my very wet pussy up and down her smooth thigh. She was fondling my breasts and someone else was fondling hers. In fact, just about every part of her was being fondled, and other hands were waiting for me to decide if I wanted the same kind of attention. I had already come once, with a woman's gloved fingers inside me, her tongue worrying my clit through a dental dam. Safe sex rules at the party were strict. No one had to worry about sex histories or trust levels, and we could devote our energy to the sexy circus that surrounded us.

I finally removed myself from the woman's knee and stretched out on the sofa next to her. She was shuddering and coming, and I was well within pheromone range, getting hotter and hotter from the spectacle. I gave a nod to all the

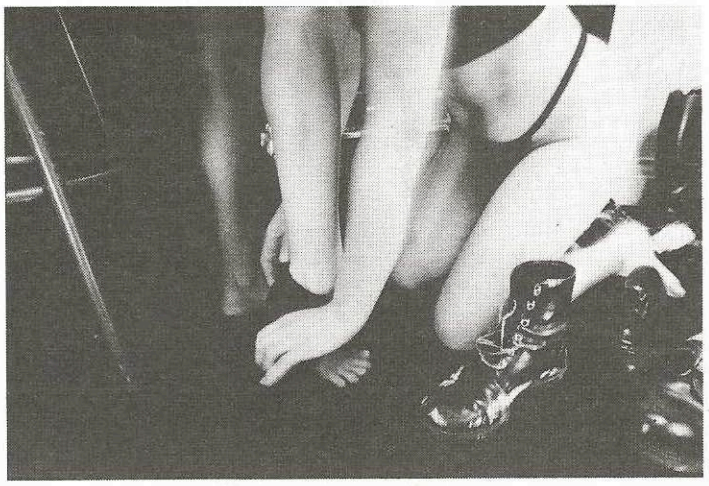
(continued on page 32)

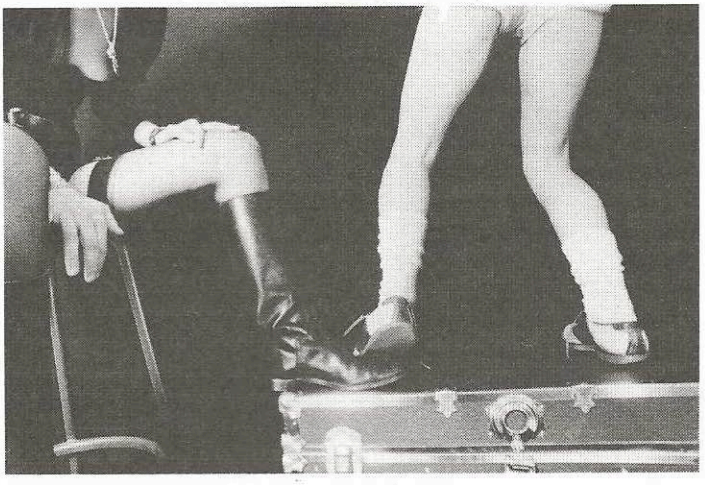
MYRA FOURWINDS

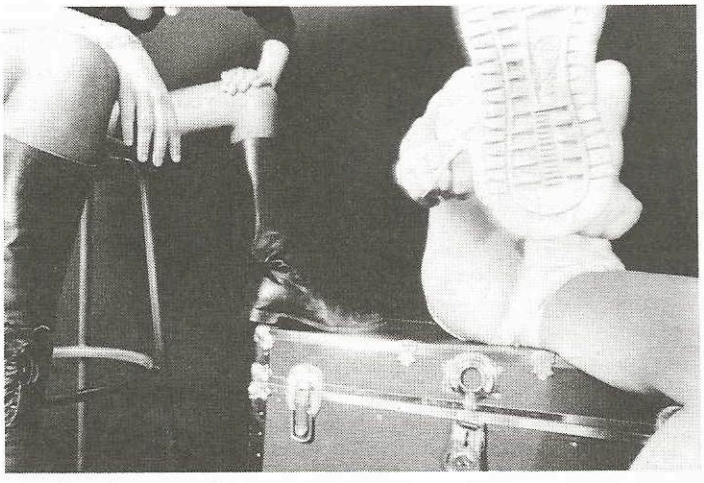
Behind the scenes with five live Jills.

CAROL QUEEN

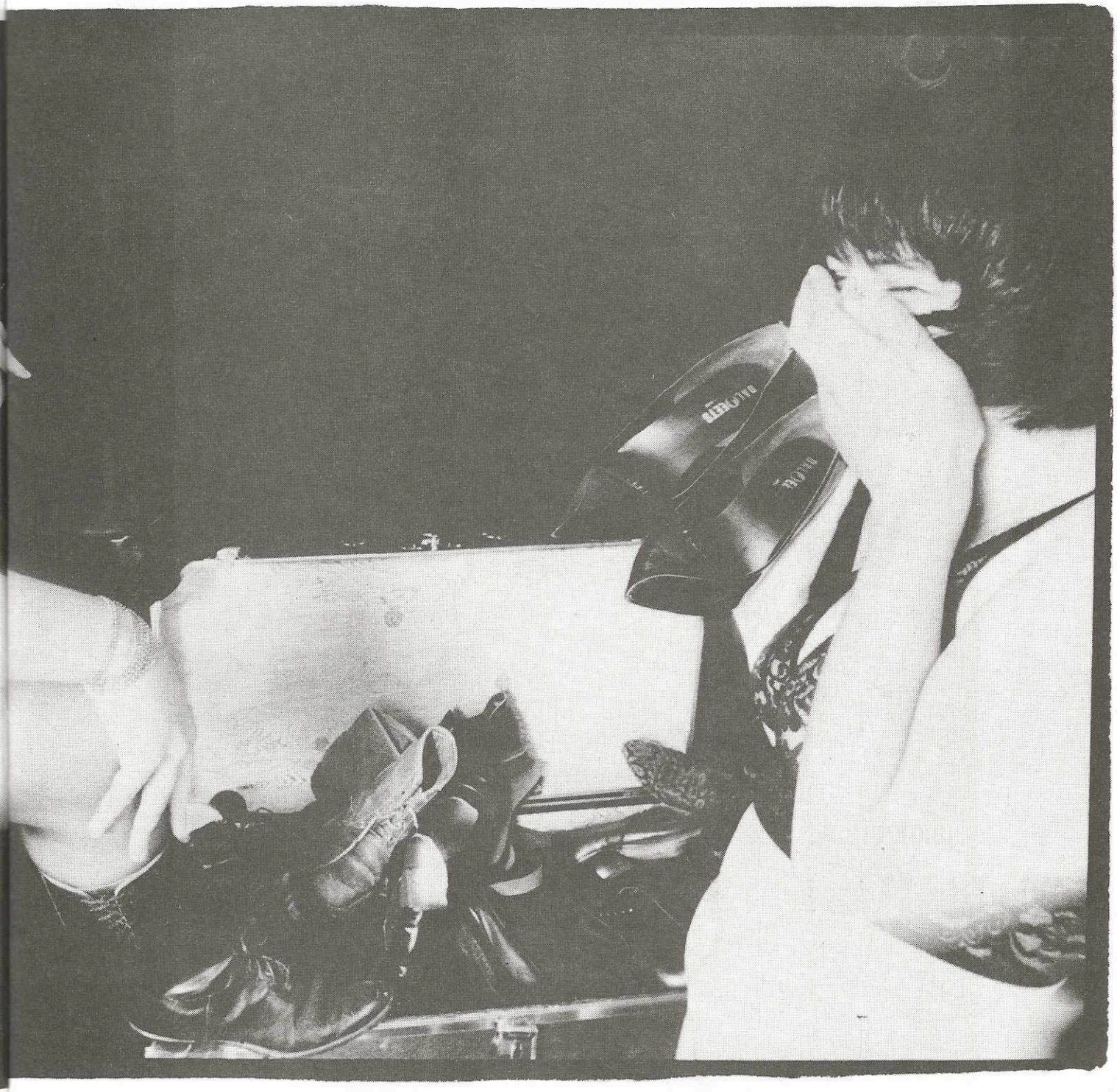
The

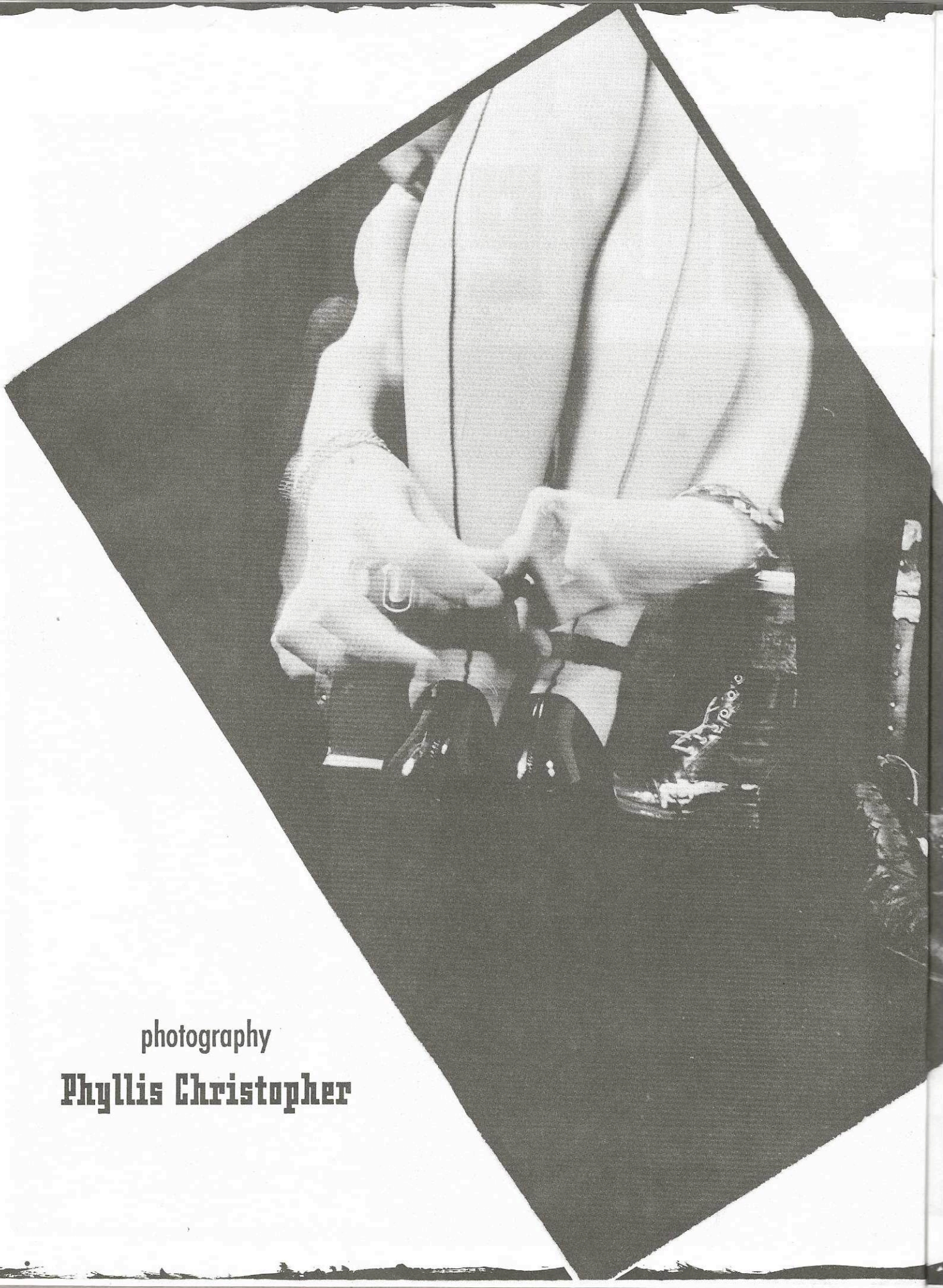






Shoe Box





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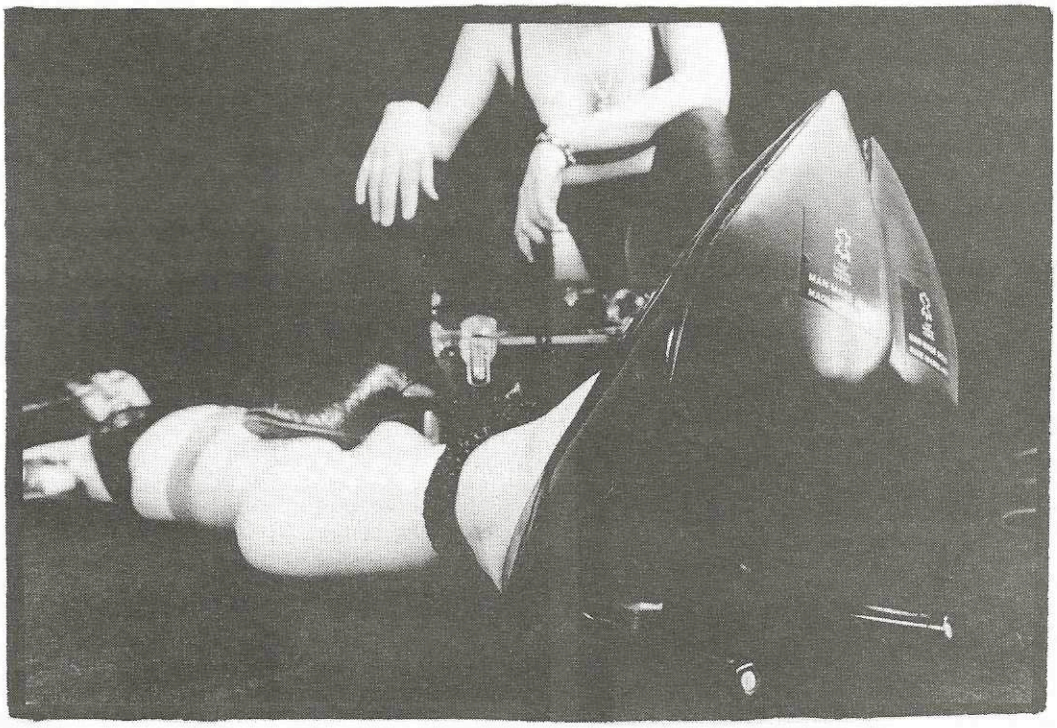
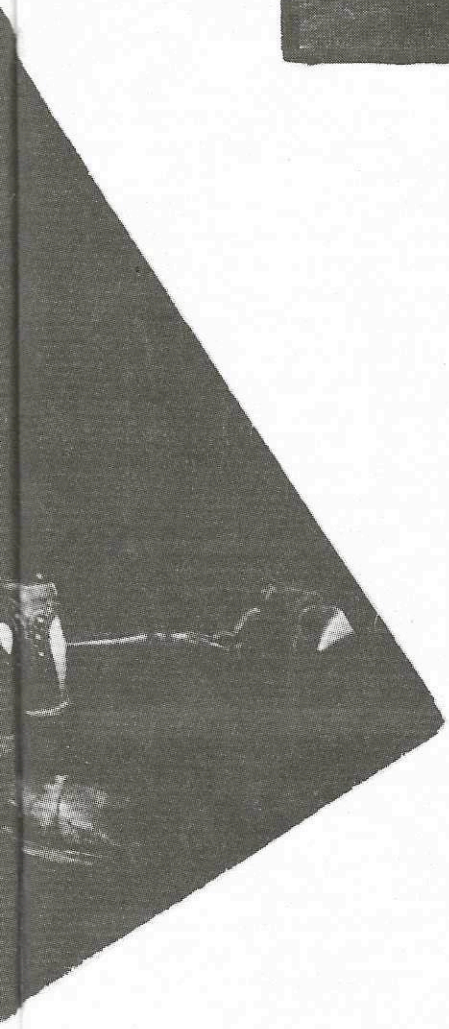




FREEDOM OF

by Lisa LaBia

Just after his recent bust in Broward County, Florida, rap artist Luther Campbell of 2 Live Crew appeared on *Phil Donahue* to defend his music against charges of obscenity. Campbell's idea of being a freedom fighter was to pass the buck.

"What about all those X-rated videos? Why don't you go after those people?" he kept insisting.

This is a strange situation. He expects us to defend his right to freedom of expression because he calls it art, but he doesn't want to defend the same right for those who call it pornography.

Luther Campbell is just one more example of how the Left, the progressives, the liberals, the avant-garde and the artists have not only been extremely slow to collectively respond to the most blatant cases of censorship, but downright reluctant to defend pornography as a right protected by the First Amendment.

Is it art or is it pornography? It's safer to call it art, or at least it used to be. If something was art then it wasn't obscene, and if it wasn't obscene then you couldn't get rid of it. But what about lyrics from 2 Live Crew's "D.K. Almighty":

That dick
Is an awful thing
But ya bulldykin' bitches are fuckin' up the game
Rubbin' belly to belly n' skin to skin
Fuckin' like hell but ain't no dick goin' in

Is that art? More importantly, does it really matter what you call it since both art and pornography can now be declared legally obscene?

While the art world is scrambling to organize against the censorship monster, the X-rated industry is already writing its memoirs. Ever since the U.S. Supreme Court took its first look at obscenity and the First Amendment in 1957, material which appealed to "the prurient interest" was seriously under the federal gun. Although suppression of artistic, philosophical, and political ideas is evident throughout American history, up until this time no federal officials tried to define obscenity.

The First Amendment states: "Congress shall make no law...abridging the

(continued on page 42)

About Censorship

By Del Martin

In July 1990, Del Martin presented the following commentary at the Hatley-Martin Gallery in San Francisco as a part of the Freedom of Expression Festival .

I am the author of *Battered Wives*, the book that was the catalyst for a national movement against domestic violence. I am concerned about the exploitation, subordination and dehumanization of women. I am angered and sickened by vivid images of women as victims presented as entertainment or in advertising to sell products. They send the message that male violence is justified because women get turned on by it.

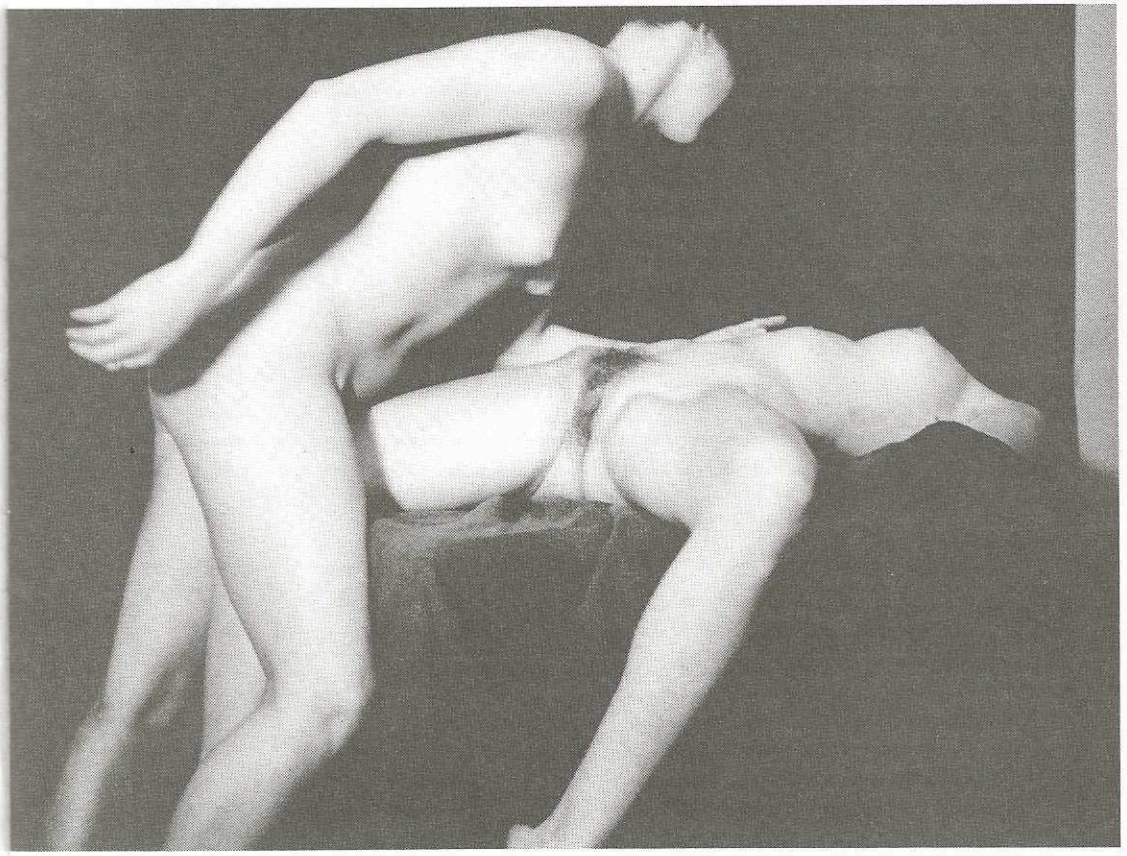
As a lesbian, I have been stereotyped as a man hater, but the real issue is woman hating. I have attended conferences about violence against women, participated in discussions of its origins and strategies to overcome it. I have marched in the streets to Take Back The Night. But I balked at singling out adult bookstores and the sexual materials they sell as the causative factor of violence against women.

Instead of joining Women Against Pornography, I helped form the Bay Area Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force. My research for *Battered Wives* showed that male domination and violence against women has existed throughout recorded history. The violence in pornography, as I understand it, is the reflection rather than the origin of misogyny in our society.

The Pornography Victims Compensation Act gives victims of sex crimes the right to sue publishers, producers, exhibitors, and distributors of pornography for damages. Although this legislation was struck down by the courts as unconstitutional, it began an unholy alliance between some feminists and right wing zealots. The authors of the legislation, however compelling their motivation to stop violence against women,

SEXUAL

EXPRESSION



SHELLEY SCHNEIDER-BELLO

Does it really matter what you call it since both art and pornography can now be declared legally obscene?

unwittingly became allied with censorship-bent conservatives.

Together they provided testimony which influenced the findings and recommendations of the Meese Commission on Pornography. Interestingly, three female commissioners, who had professional knowledge about the realities of child abuse and sexual crimes against women, wrote dissenting opinions. They could not agree that there was a direct connection between the sexual fantasies of pornography and the sexual crimes against women and children.

Right wing preachers who wish to limit the creativity of authors and artists, and limit what the general public may see, read, or hear are often the perpetrators of the violence feminists are fighting against. Ironically, their motivation is not to stop violence against women, but to regain control of uppity women who have defied "traditional family values."

During the National Organization for Women's conference in June, I discovered information distributed by Feminists Fighting Pornography which indicates that they have been quietly and systematically infiltrating NOW at the grass roots level. They brag that they have the endorsements of 78 NOW chapters and have taught NOW members what to say in letters to legislators and in newsletter items. They have also taught NOW members how to get their anti-porn items on the agenda at chapter board meetings, speak in its favor, allow a brief discussion, then request a vote up or down before the more vocal opposition gets a chance to respond.

Feminists Fighting Pornography say "Anti-porn legislation is not to determine what is or isn't pornography, what can or can't be sold, but to offer victims opportunity for recourse."

And the word of the FBI that pornography, however it may be defined, has been found in the homes of alleged sex offenders would be enough to drive publishers, producers, exhibitors and distributors out of business. Δ

What Do Dildoes Do?

There's a charming Chinese painting of three kimono'd ladies intently examining the wares of a travelling dildo salesman. There are dildos in museums, made of jade, ivory, silver, and wood covered in silk. They're found in the Kama Sutra and in the books and among the artifacts of almost every culture. Everyone knows where they go. The question is: What do they do?

Many women ask us. Here's what we know.

When you are sexually aroused your vagina opens deep inside, like a balloon. You may feel a sense of emptiness and a desire to have that space filled. When you don't have a partner, that's something a dildo can do.

When your vagina begins that lovely, rhythmic pulsing, having something inside can intensify that feeling. That's something else a dildo can do.

You don't feel that pulsing? Since the responsible muscle, the one that girdles the vagina, responds to both movement and pressure a dildo may stimulate that feeling, too.

And of course, a dildo can also be used for anal penetration since that intensifies the pleasure for many women.

But can a dildo, by itself, bring you to orgasm? Psychologically, yes, if it excites you enough. So can a kiss. Or a touch. Or a dream. Or a thought. But there's still a lot of controversy about the physical effects of penetration as the primary cause of orgasm. Orgasms can be felt in the vagina, but do they begin there? If so, what's a clitoris for?

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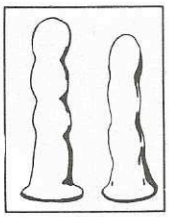

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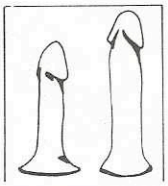

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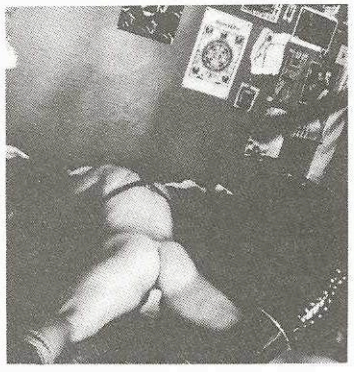

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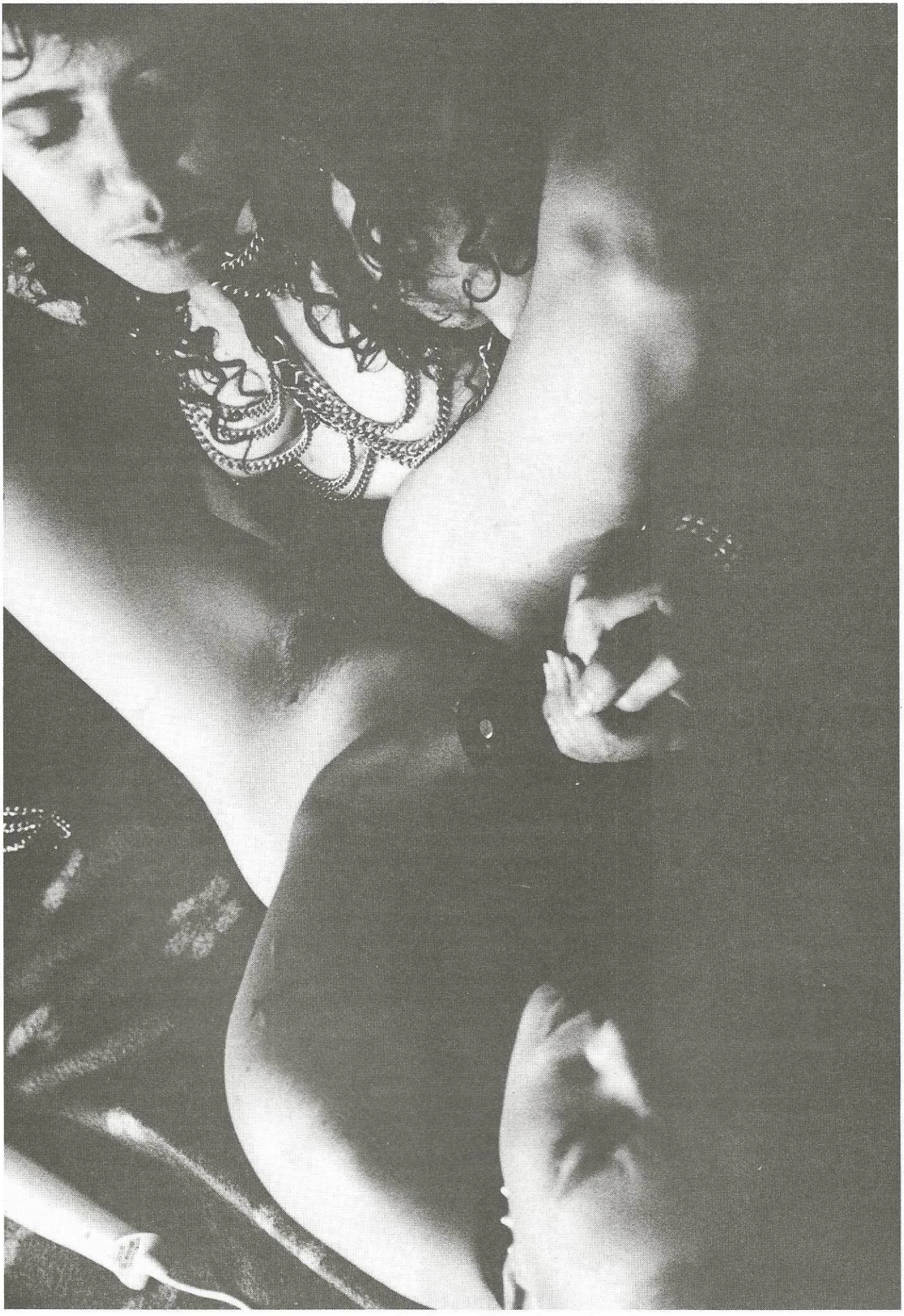
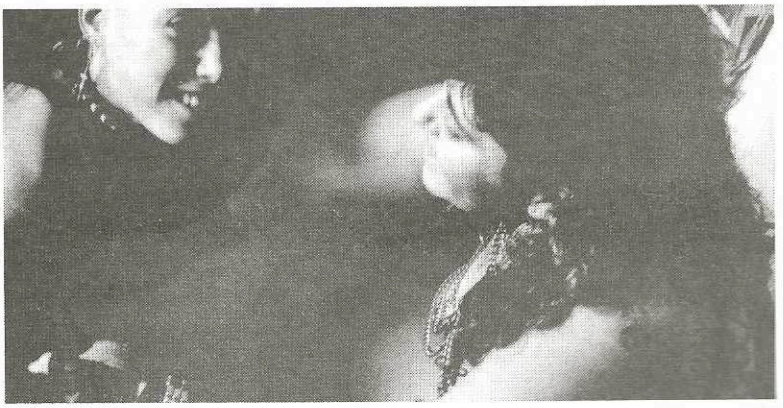




THE INITIATION *of Ninshubar*

BY LYDIA BELL

PHOTO BY MYRA FOURWINDS

"The task before you is to give pleasure to each of these women in turn, and to leave each one deeply satisfied."

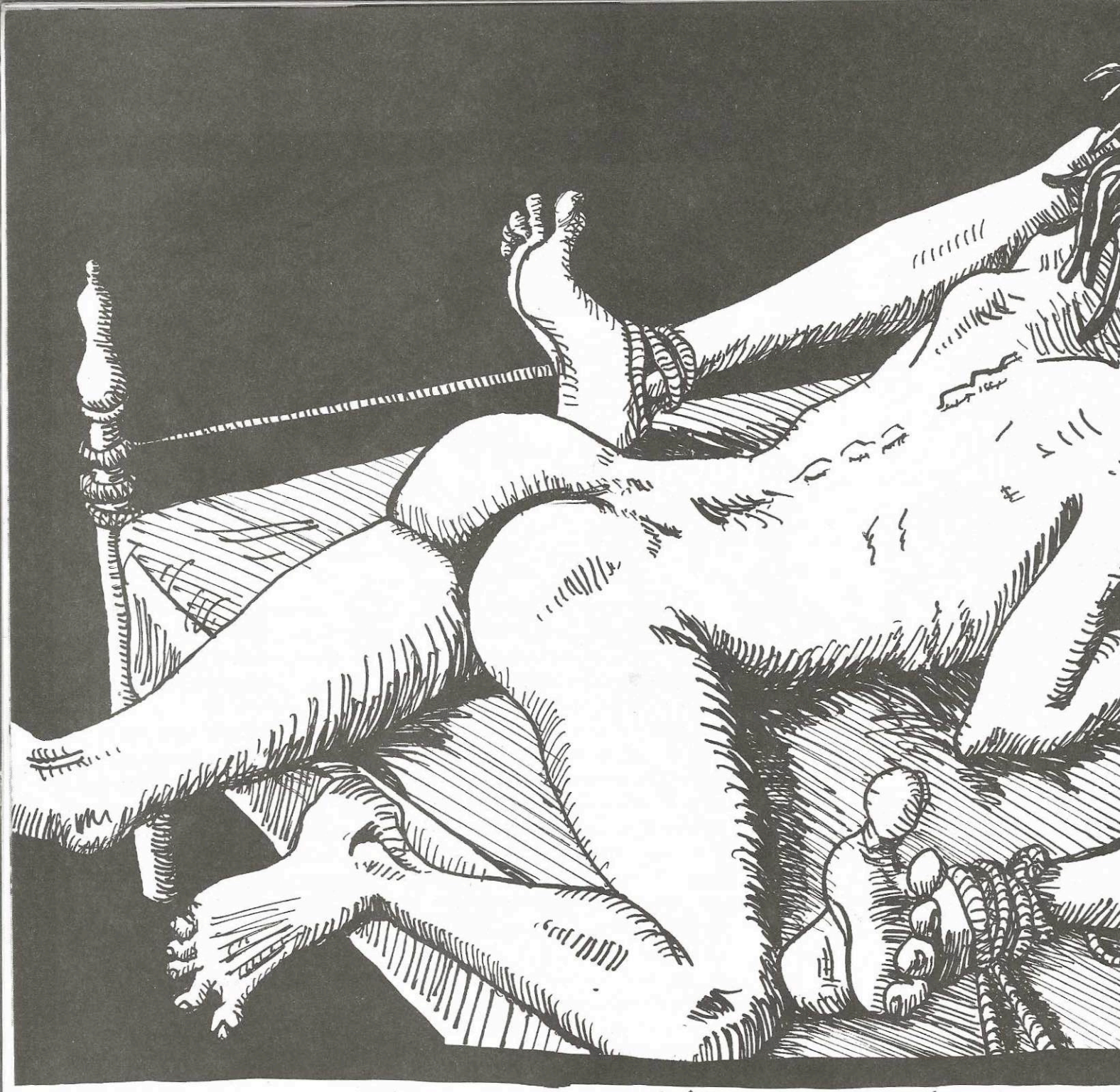
They had always known that she was special. It was obvious from the day she was born, when she had gazed at them with wise and knowing eyes and an almost seductive smile, and all through her childhood, when she never whined, cried or threw tantrums to get what she wanted, but slowly fluttered the long lashes that shaded those deep dark eyes and smiled dazzlingly to win whatever it was she desired. She had led the other children in erotic games from the time she was old enough to walk. With skin the warm shade of the great bronze lions that guarded the Temple of the Goddess, and hair the shining black of the onyx pieces the priestesses gazed into to see the secrets of the universe, she was an accomplished seductress by the age of ten.

Thus it was that when the day of her first bleeding came in her thirteenth year, and she was brought to the temple with the other girls whose blood had been called out by that same New Moon, it came as no surprise that she was Chosen. When the oldest priestess called out "Great Mother, are there any here whom it pleases You to call to Your service?" two ebony black ravens swooped down from the night sky and settled themselves upon her shoulders. Her parents wept with joy, for there was no greater honor for a daughter.

Her eyes shining like two black suns, Ninshubar stepped forward into the temple to begin her new life.

She was bathed in a great marble tub filled with water from the hot springs that ran beneath the temple, in which floated white jasmine flowers, blood red roses, and black orchids, symbolic of the three faces of the Goddess. The blood running thick and hot from her womb colored the water, adding a rich musky scent. She was anointed with fragrant oils, her eyes outlined with kohl, her lips and nipples tinted bright red with henna. Silver rings were inserted into her ears and nipples, and a small diamond in her nose, the piercing done so skillfully that even in her hypersensitive state she was barely aware of pain. Her hair was oiled and brushed until it gleamed like black satin, and was adorned with red and white ribbons and flowers. Even the scant growth of silky black hair between her legs was perfumed and massaged with sweet almond oil, rubbed into the narrow pink lips and around her clitoris, and finally inside her, the young acolytes' fingers reaching so deeply that she shuddered in ecstasy and nearly fell to the floor.

(continued on page 38)



A BUMP IN THE NIGHT

Fiction

by Liz Zee

Illustrated by
Zanne Prud'homme

"Angelcake? What are you doing?"

Through the open door, I could hear sounds of cooing and petting in the other room. Every night it was the same. I let out the loudest sigh/groan/moan of exasperation imaginable.

"Will you leave that cat alone and come to bed? I'm tired." Still silence. "All right. I'm turning the light off. It's off. I'm asleep now."

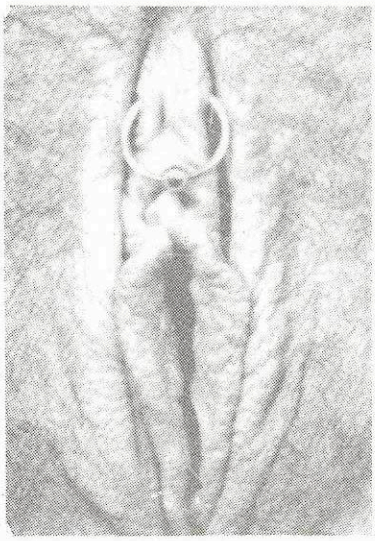
"But sweetheart, it's only 11:30. Come on."

Suddenly, Sue's hands reached across my back and touched the bodily parts I was trying to keep curled up. "Give me a little of that."

How impossible she could be! After four years of near-marriage, she was still grabbing and pawing like a newlywed. How's a girl supposed to get any sleep with this going on? I let out a substantial nocturnal animal sound and feigned sleep. *(continued on page 40)*

Raelyn Gallina

Piercing and Jewelry



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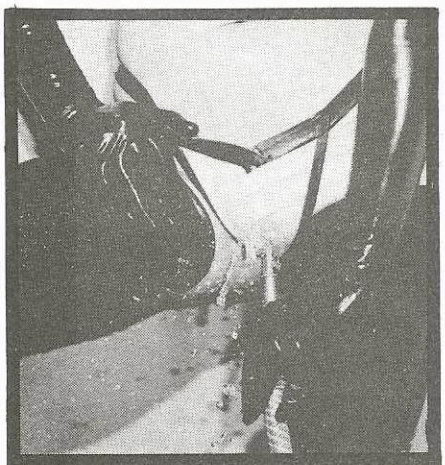

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SEXPOINT *(continued from page 15)*

helping hands. Before long, I was living my masturbation fantasy in which every erogenous part of my body has a hand or tongue to attend to it. My hand was on my clit and my eyes were fixed on two women who were playing with each other nearby, until I got so high from the climb I couldn't keep my eyes open at all. A sweet gay man appeared out of nowhere to whisper nasty encouragements. Suddenly I was sailing over the edge of one of the strongest orgasms of my life! Then another. And another. Eight in all and mind you, I'd been a one-come at-a-time girl up until then.

I opened my eyes to see a circle of gay men jacking off while they watched me, nudging each other and saying, "Wow, women really do have multiple orgasms!"

But a dyke among dicks? And is a Jack-and-Jill-Off any place for a Six on the Kinsey scale?

The answer, for some women, is yes. I, for one, wanted to be the kind of lez who loved pussy, not hated cocks. I was so tired of being afraid of men's sexual energy, and now I've found a place where I feel entirely safe. I'm completely empowered to say yes or no to any advance. The parties let me get sexually comfortable around men and also let me revel in their eroticism. I'd always had fantasies about seeing two men get it on, but none of my gay boyfriends ever invited me over to watch! It's a very subversive, satisfying voyeurism. And I can meet and play with other women in a carefree context where an ongoing relationship isn't mandated or even expected.

Some women come to the parties in pairs, not intending to play with others at all. But the thrill of showing off in front of crowd is very hot for them; a real monogamy enlivener. Other couples attend hoping to meet women with spirits as adventuresome as their own—if you want to find the kind of gals who'd be at home at a sex party, what better place to look? I've seen more than one partnership emerge from chance party collisions, including my own.

Some women arrive solo. My friend Mary came to visit one weekend, smarting and sensitive from a painful breakup with her longtime girlfriend. Mary is one big dyke. She decided she wanted enough adventure to make her forget about her ex for a minute so, with some trepidation, I took her to the SOMA warehouse. She stuck by my side for a few minutes, then vanished into the crowd. When I headed back to look for her, I found her looking sated and happy. She was wearing nothing but a sporty bandana around her neck, sprawled in an armchair, a luscious-looking young man lavishly massaging her feet.

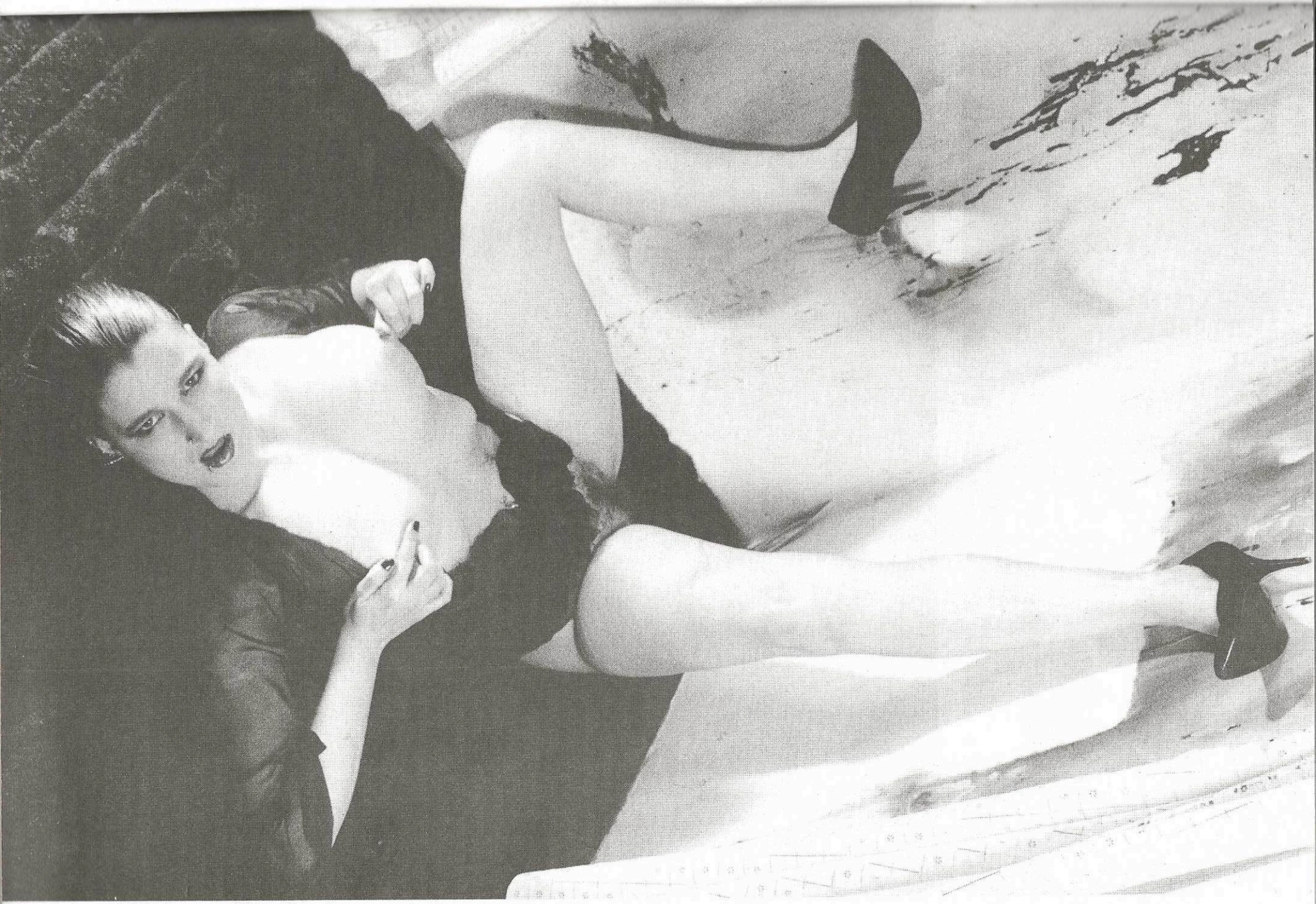
"He wants to be come back to Oregon with me to be my foot slave," she announced. Mary's feet weren't the only parts of her that were seen to that night, and she'd received a huge emotional boost right when she needed it. She felt desirable again, ready to go ahead and get on with life.

Now I 'm one of the organizers for the JJO parties. We've organized a couple of all-women's parties too, but they weren't as successful. For one thing, we don't have an apprpriate space. The warehouse doesn't have all the feminine amenities, like enough places for women to lie down and stretch out. But more importantly, I see the same sort of hesitation to embrace group sex in the lesbian community as there is antipathy about casual sex between women, and for a lot of the same reasons. So many of us are initiation-impaired. Who is going to make the first move? Should I risk making the fantasy a reality? Is casual crusing shallow objectification or sex-positive fun? Finding women who want to come together to explore their sexuality is our best shot at answering some of these questions.

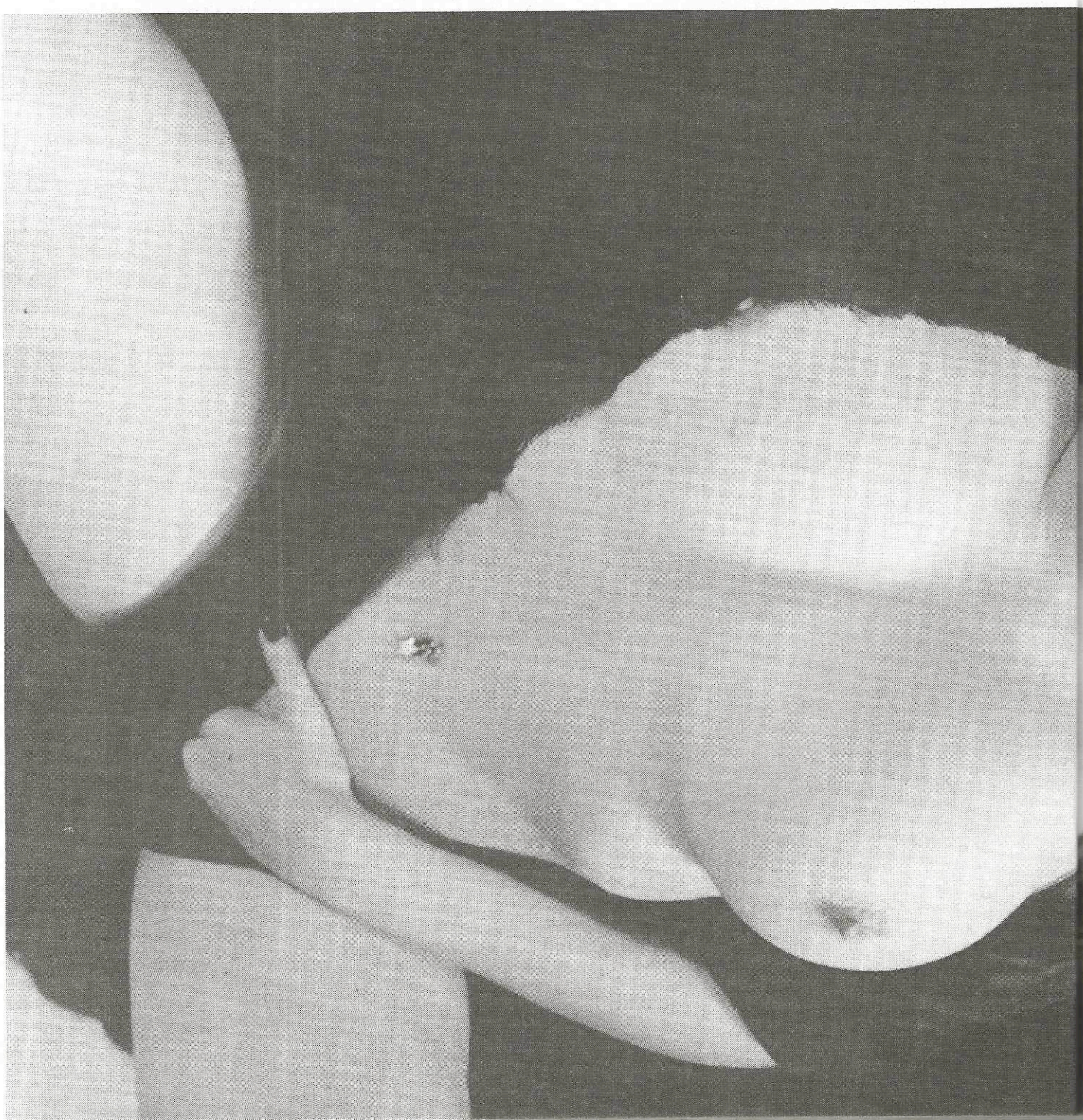
Group sex isn't everybody's cup of tea. But enough of us have cherished fantasies of sexy puppy-piles of warm bodies to make me sure that the parties in San Francisco are just what some of us have been waiting for. More that that, they're the brave new world—rubber-gloved and condomed—in defiance of the sex-fear that has been so pervasive for the last ten years. Jack-and-Jill-Offs provide lube and latex and lots of support for individual limit-setting, so we can negotiate with our fears (as well as each other) and have a good time.

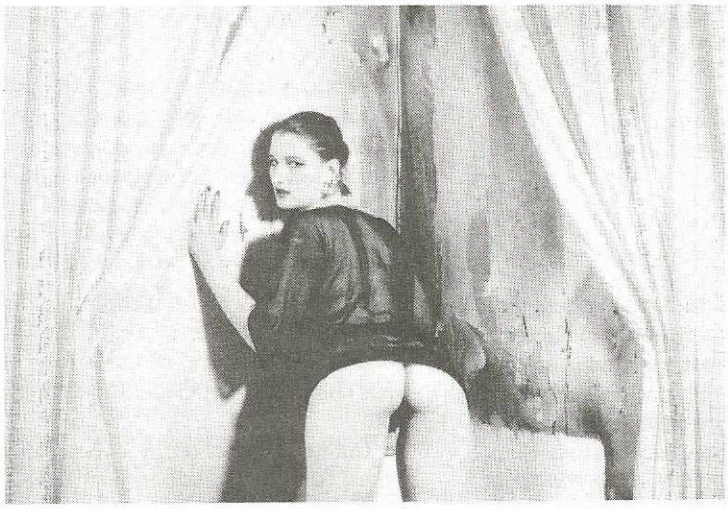
Jack-and-Jill-Offs are for women and men, lesbians and gays and bi's and yes, even hets. We all come together in an erotic playpen that mingles all of our sexualities, without anyone feeling constrained to try on anyone else's idea of what's erotic—unless they want to.

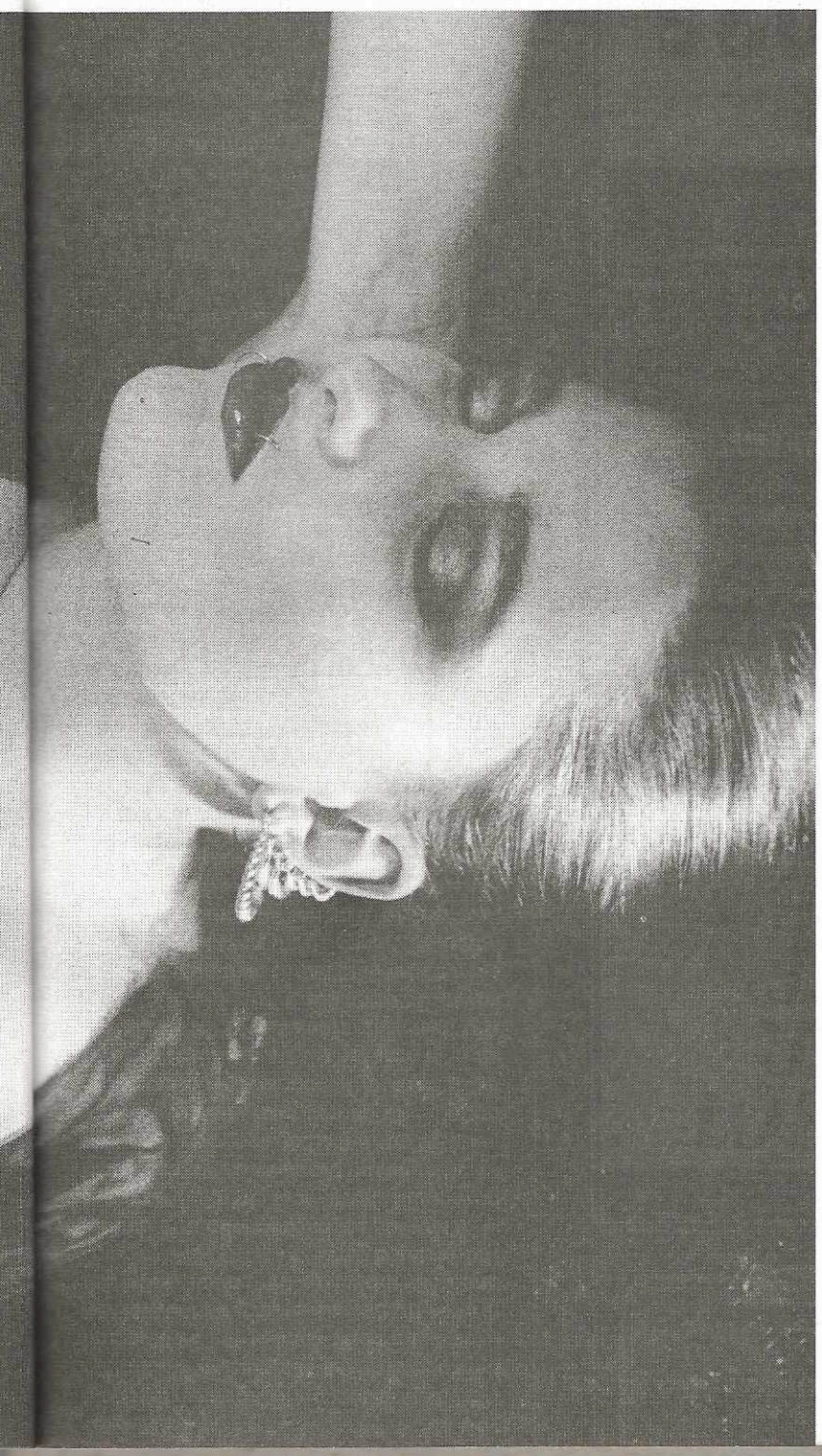
Women wanting more information about Jack-and-Jill-Offs can write to: Mother Goose Productions, PO Box 3212, Berkeley, CA 94703. Include your name address and/or telephone #. Please mention you read about the JJO's in *On Our Backs* .



Lily Braindrop







Allow me to introduce myself. I'm unquestionably self identified as femme—no cheesecake allergy here! I don't wear "fuck me" pumps, I wear "Fuck You" pumps. You might say I'm a motherfucker femme.

I also identify as a dilapidated dyke, meaning I'm literally allergic to cats and tofu, and lesbian sex policing makes me break out in hypothetical hives. I love, crave, and lust after women and I read *Drummer* magazine. I long for a world unfettered by the clanking chains of bullshit sexual separatism and repression.

"I don't wear "fuck me" pumps, I wear "Fuck You" pumps."

And how do I work towards this? Ah, publishing. *Taste of Latex* is the name, and sex with brains (or is it Braindrop?) is the game. This sexzine of mine was inspired by my curiosity; I'd always wondered what would happen if you put all flavors of sexual expression into one pot. The result is a polysexual publication that will hopefully upstage Baskin Robbins 31 paltry flavors by a longshot.

Now about all those piercings. I'm 22 and have, yes, 22 piercings. I figure by the age of 40 I should look not unlike a Swiss cheese. My piercings serve two purposes: They look neato and they keep the faint of heart at bay. Kind of like barbed wire for the face.

Now that I've shared how I turn myself out, what turns me on? Preferences: armpit hair, bathrooms, latex sex gear, psychodrama in sky-high heels, J.D.'s, cuties in combat boots, queerpunks, blushing butches, Ministry, excesses of eyeliner and Hedonic Engineering whips.

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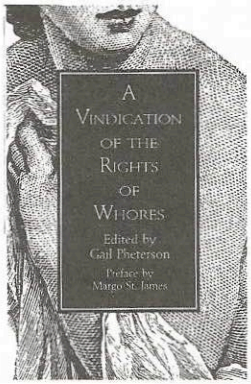
photography

Annie Sprinkle



A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WHORES

Edited by Gail Pheterson
The Seal Press, 1990 – $16.95

During the past decade, prostitutes have been organizing themselves into groups with zippy acronyms such as HIRE (Hooking Is Real Employment), COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics) and PLAN (Prostitution Laws Are Nonsense). They sport buttons and t-shirts bearing slogans like "It's A Business Doing Pleasure With You," and "Ignorance Is No Excuse For a Law." *A Vindication of the Rights of Whores* is a compilation of their writings, primarily reports from the First and Second World Whores' Congresses held in 1985 and '86.

Of the 58 contributors, well over half are 35 years and older. As women (and some men — a few transvestites and transsexuals are included too) they reject the image of whore as victim and declare themselves autonomous beings who have freely chosen their profession, from which they often derive great satisfaction. Says Eva Rosta, a British prostitute now working as a sex counselor, "A lot of my knowledge and my experience and my education have come through working as a whore. But, of course, I cannot come out and say this in public. What credit would I get as a whore who is a sex counselor?"

In their quest to improve the stereotype of whore as either immoral slut or helpless victim, they tend to downplay the pain and victimization that sometimes does go along with "the life." Despite this weakness, though, these girls are definitely on the right track. Reading of the oppression that prostitutes endure at the hands of the police and other guardians of law and morality, I couldn't help but wonder how any of them manage to get through a workday without being in a continual state of rage. The book may not make everyone want to join the life, but it's sure to increase understanding and respect for the oldest profession in the world. — *Marcy Sheiner*

Author Mariette Pathy-Allen

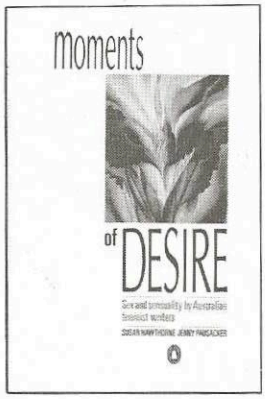
Transformations: Crossdressers and Those Who Love Them

Mariette Pathy-Allen
E.P. Dutton, 1990 – $22.95

Mariette Pathy-Allen's most recent contribution to *On Our Backs* was her portrait of performance artist Shelly Mars in drag on the cover of our September/October issue. Her new book, *Transformations: Crossdressers and Those Who Love Them* is a collection of photographs and interviews with male crossdressers and their families. *Transformations* doesn't glorify traditional camp. Instead, Pathy-Allen presents the feminine personalites of these men in their post right-of passage limelight, and after a good scuttling out of the gender closet and under the wings of the women who love them.

This book profiles nearly three dozen crossdressers, whose professional careers range from Ex-Green Beret to financial analyst to former Royal British Navy Captain. Filled with both color and black and white portraits, some of the most poignant photos are of these men and their children, helping daddy get "dressed up".

Unlike many of today's young urban dykes, these genderbenders have no iconoclastic intentions. In fact, many of them are still managing to paddle ironically right up the mainstream. But one thing many lesbians do have in common with those featured in *Transformations* is the skill and desire to undermine the social prescriptions of "normal" masculinity and femininity. One crossdresser, Gwen, defines himself as a lesbian. "I'm a lesbian because I believe it's the best way I can manifest change in society's attitudes about not only women's liberation, but men's as well." — *Chris Hassell*



Moments of Desire

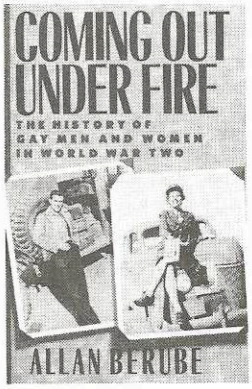
Edited by Susan Hawthorne and Jenny Pausacker
Viking Penguin, 1989 – $8.95

From Australia comes one of the best books to fall under the heading, Women's Erotica. But hedonists beware! This is only moments of *desire*, not moments of actual sex. The success of the writing is compromised, however, because the women authors never quite make the jump from a suggestive to an explicit sex scene. It swerves around a one-handed tribute in favor of subtle craftmanship.

The collection is focused on descriptions of women's sexual experience and

insight; be it romantic, nostalgic, or bitter.

"Magill Road", has two Sally Bowles-type gals spending their last dime drinking champagne and making love in their rotten little apartment until they scandalize their landlord into evicting them. In "The Invisible Hand" a single mom unexpectedly finds an income through a phone sex service— and gets a scare from a feminist social worker. The book also features some surprising original poetry, including "Ululation for a Red Headed Woman", which simply must be read aloud to honor any self respecting redhead. All the stories and lyrics will delight any avid reader, but will disappoint those of us seeking a no-holds-barred taste of women's fantasies. — *Susie Bright*



Coming Out Under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in WWII

Allan Bérubé
The Free Press, 1990 – $22.95

A must have for every gay family historical bookshelf. Berube interviewed the veterans of the war that generationally spawned the beginnings of gay liberation. The military created a fascination with gay subculture and set new standards for persecuting and dishonoring suspected homosexuals at the same time

Lesbians in particular were targets of witch hunts that make the Salem Trials look like a tupperware party. Take Studs Turkel's words for these gay heroes: "Their gallantry was in bold contrast to the craveness of their detractors"

Under Fire includes heartthrobbing photos of some of our bravest girl soldiers, including *On Our Backs* model Sarah Davis who worked as an aviation machinist mate and performer Pat Bond then employed as a medical technician.

— *S.B.*

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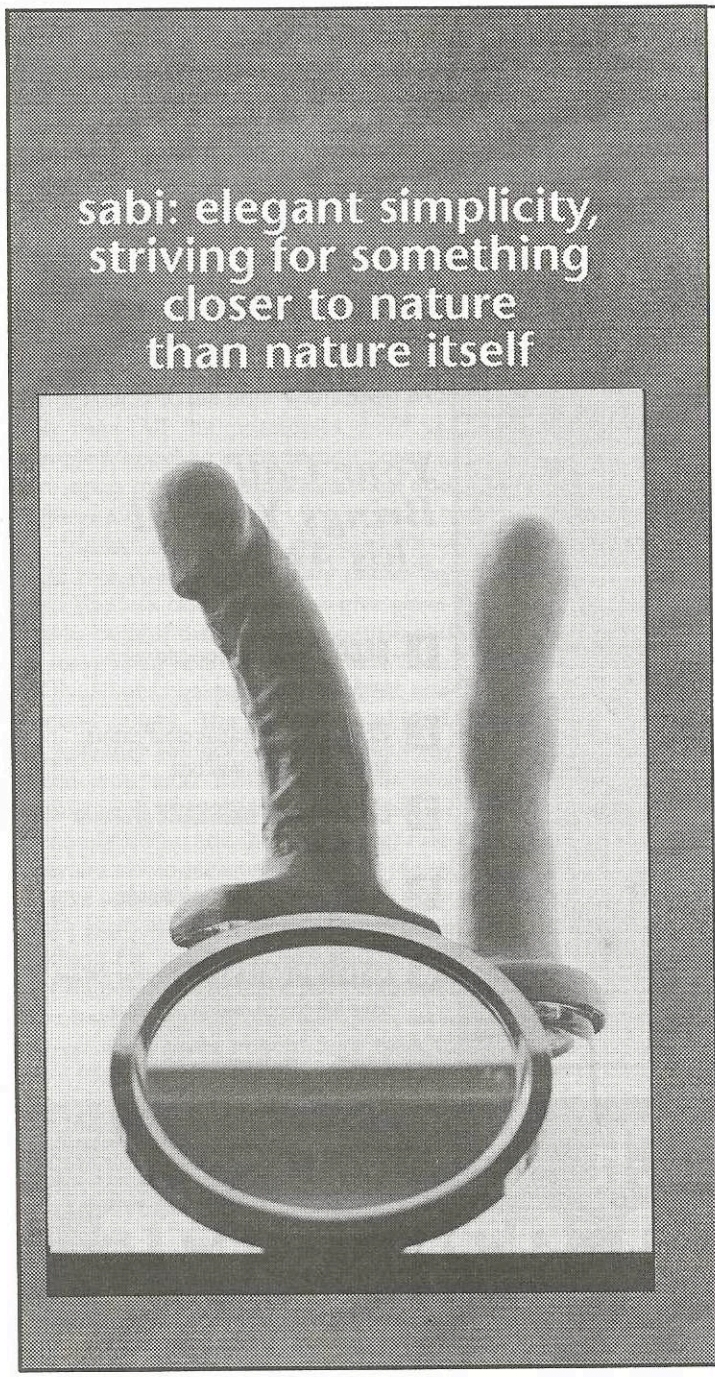

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INITIATION . . .(continued from pg 29)

Finally she was brought before the old priestess, radiant in her beauty, flushed with sexual arousal.

"Ah," said the priestess. "So lovely. Truly the Goddess always chooses wisely. Come to me, child, and show me what you know."

The priestess untied the sash that held her robe of black silk, letting it fall open to reveal a body ancient but as lithe and firm as that of a leopard, and she beckoned Ninshubar to the couch on which she reclined.

The girl approached with trepidation; how could she, a mere child, be expected to adequately pleasure a woman of at least seven times her age, one who had doubtlessly had as many lovers as there were stars in the sky and who knew the art of love as well as the Goddess Herself? Did they truly think her skills to be that advanced? But the thought of those ancient and skilled hands caressing her flesh inflamed her with desire, kindling the fires of lust that the acolyte's attentions had already sparked, and so, her nipples hardening and her thighs sticky with a mixture of oil, blood and the sweet juices of arousal, she approached.

The old priestess' skin, richly tattooed with symbols of all that she had attained, was as dry and smooth as snakeskin, but her loins flowed with silky wetness. Ninshubar's nimble young fingers and eager mouth explored every inch of her body, finally coming to rest between her narrow bronzed thighs, where she buried her face amidst the silvery hair and ravenously drank the old woman's musky nectar. The priestess' labia were pierced by a silver ring set with rubies, and her juices tasted as rich as fine vintage wine. Her body arched and shuddered and she cried out softly as the young girl brought her to climax.

"Well, my child," she said when she had regained her breath. "You have learned much for one so young. But you have yet more to learn. Let me show you what a trained priestess can do."

She seized the neophyte and turned her on her back, and within the space of a few heartbeats had the girl gasping and writhing in ecstasy. With the skill gained through a thousand lovers and a lifetime fully lived, the old woman aroused her to a frenzy of pleasure. Her talented mouth teased Ninshubar's nipples, still sore from piercing, until the girl was sure she could take no more. Still, the priestess' fingers thrust deeply inside her dripping sex,

opening her wider and deeper than she had ever thought possible, until Ninshubar felt she could have taken the priestess' entire arm. She lost count of how many times her body convulsed in orgasm, knowing only that this experience was to all her previous explorations as a raging river is to a teardrop.

Finally, when the girl was exhausted to the point of near unconsciousness, the old priestess released her. As she lay gasping for breath, she heard the woman's words through a trance.

"Let me tell you how it will be for you, my precious. You will be trained thoroughly in all the erotic arts for the next 13 moons, learning how to give pleasure to man, woman and child. This temple will be your home. During your training you will see no one from the outside world, although you may send and receive messages. You may practice your skills with any of your sister neophytes, or with the acolytes, as often as you desire, in couples or in groups, in the special rooms provided for this purpose. You may even practice with a priestess, should one permit you, but remember that we are very busy, and, lovely as you may be, there are times when we have other things to do.

"You will be trained in the magical arts as well, and learn how to arouse desire with merely a glance or a gesture, as well as the use of sacred herbs that inflame the passions. You will be fully trained in the use of all the tools and instruments that bring rapture. You will learn to give and receive pleasure even with birds and beasts, for all creatures are sacred to the Goddess and feel Her tides of desire in their blood.

"After 13 moons you will be initiated as a novice priestess. Your labia will be pierced as a sign of this attainment. You will then be accorded the duty of bringing the Goddess' joy to the outside world. Each day you shall sit on the steps of the temple, and if a passerby gives you an offering of silver for the Goddess, you shall reward her with your skill. This is the most sacred duty of a priestess."

The 13 moons of Ninshubar's training flew by like a dream of endless pleasure. She hardly missed her friends and family, so caught up was she in the joy of learning her trade. Each new skill mastered was rewarded with a tattoo of a different design: flowers, birds, fish, animals, and abstract designs all came to decorate her skin, and she wore them proudly. She applied herself to her studies with an enthusiasm unsurpassed in the history of the temple — indeed, by the end of the first moon she had managed to become well acquainted with the bodies of all the neophytes and acolytes, and a respectable number of priestesses. She was beloved by all; no one had reason to be jealous of her beauty or popularity, for she was more than willing to share the pleasures of her body.

So quickly did the time pass that it took her by surprise when one day the old priestess came to her and told her it was time for her initiation. She was ritually bathed and anointed as she had been for her entry into the temple. Finally she was led into the temple chamber that lay beneath the ground, which was used for the most secret rites. Ninshubar had never been there, nor did she have any idea what was going to happen during the initiation itself. As she entered the chamber, she saw that it was in fact not a room of the temple, but a natural cave over which the temple had been built. The hot springs that fed the temple baths flowed through the cave, and their pungent mineral scent mingled with the aroma of burning incense. The walls of the cave had been painted with depictions of myriad acts of pleasure by generations of women before her, and the floor was strewn with soft rugs. All the priestesses were assembled, kneeling in meditation posture, row upon row, women of every age and description.

"Child," said the old priestess, "It is time that your skills be truly put to the test. The task before you is to give pleasure to each of these women in turn, and to leave each one deeply satisfied."

Ninshubar gasped with mingled horror and delight. The priestess continued.

"Neither you nor they shall speak any word: you must divine what will best please each woman from the speech of her body alone. And there is another rule: they are not to pleasure you, nor are you to give yourself pleasure during this time. Your purpose is solely to serve, asking nothing for yourself in return. You will not be permitted to leave this room until you have completed this task. You may, if you wish, leave now and go back to your life outside the temple. If you choose to stay, you are committing yourself to the ordeal before you. What is your choice?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Ninshubar declared, "I will stay." There was a murmur of approval among the priestesses.

"Good. Many young women before you have turned back when they learned what they faced before becoming a priestess; it is only the few who are truly

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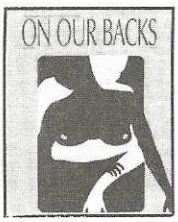

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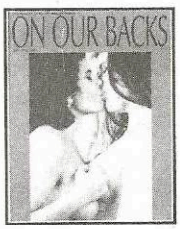

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blessed by the Goddess that have the courage to follow this path. So, now: let the rite begin!"

Ninshubar was led to a pile of soft cloths and furs, and the first priestess was brought before her. She never discovered exactly how long she spent in the cave, nor did she know how many women she serviced, how many bodies her hands explored, how many mouths she kissed, how many breasts she caressed, how many loins she lapped. It seemed to last forever, an infinite flow of women.

The most remarkable thing was that, rather than all becoming the same, as she had feared, each woman and each act of love held fresh surprises. Most of the women were bronze colored, as was she, but there were many who had come from other lands, whose skin was the rich brown of freshly turned earth or the pale white of ivory, and every shade in between. Some were as thin and bony as birds, some lean and hard–muscled, some round and abundantly fleshy. Their ages ran from novices like herself to women nearly as ancient as the head priestess. The radiant beauty of the Goddess shone from each, and Ninshubar loved, honored and pleasured each in turn.

Their desires were as varied as their bodies. Some lay passive under her hands, others pushed her to the ground and rode hard upon her hip bones, or lowered their dripping loins to her face. Some screamed and writhed as they climaxed, others barely quickened their breath; a few did not orgasm at all, but enjoyed the act throughout, indicating to her when they felt well satisfied. Some wished merely to be held and stroked, some to be penetrated in vagina, anus or both with anything from her little finger to her whole hand and arm, or with one of the instruments that had been provided. And there were some who took delight in touching the fine line between pleasure and pain, wishing to be struck, either with her hand or with implements, or to be brought in other ways to extreme sensations. Ninshubar had never before realized the infinite number of forms pleasure could take.

As time went on she became exhausted; her body ached, and she wished that she could take a break, but knew it was not permitted. Sometimes she felt on the verge of fainting, but she willed herself to go on, to attune herself to the needs of each woman and ignore the burning, throbbing desire in her own loins. Her young breasts felt hot and heavy, the nipples achingly hard and so sensitive that the slightest accidental touch made her gasp. Her lubrication ran hot and sticky down her thighs, and her clitoris pulsed urgently with need. At times she thought she would go mad if she could not relieve her tension, but she went on regardless. The air was heavy and thickly scented with sweat and female juices. Ninshubar's body was damp and sticky with the mingled sweat, cream and menstrual blood of the priestesses.

Finally she found the old priestess herself beneath her hands, for the first time since that night 13 moons ago when she had been asked to demonstrate her skills. Despite her exhaustion and excruciating sexual need, she willed herself to pleasure the old woman more intensely and thoroughly than she had done with anyone before. She threw her entire being into this coupling with a passion which she had not known herself capable of. When the priestess' body finally rocked and shuddered beneath her in a glorious climax, Ninshubar felt ecstasy flood through her own body. She fell to the floor, crying aloud her pleasure to the assembled women. Lying spent on the soaking wet furs, she heard the old priestess speak.

"You have done well, my child. You have more than adequately fulfilled your task. And now, it is time for you to be pleasured."

Ninshubar gradually revived as the priestesses gathered around her. A hand caressed one of her breasts, sending a thrill of pleasure as it touched her aching nipple, first lightly, then more firmly, beginning to pinch and tug at the silver ring. Another hand attended to the other breast. An explosive orgasm racked her slight body the moment a finger touched her swollen clitoris. Then more hands approached, stroking her burning skin. Several mouths licked her clean of all the bodily fluids plastering her skin. Fingers slid into her vagina, others into her anus, then more fingers, thrusting deeper and harder, opening her wider and wider until there was a whole hand in each orifice, reaching in ever deeper, until she screamed aloud as the women relentlessly pleasured her with all the skills at their command, coaxing orgasm after orgasm from her exhausted body until there was nothing but a stream of ecstasy too intense to be endured, and she lapsed into unconsciousness.

The last thing she was aware of was a sharp pain as her labia were pierced by a silver ring signifying that she was now a priestess. Δ

BUMP . . . *(continued from page 31)*

"You can't be asleep already," Sue said. "Aw, honey, I'm getting blue balls, it's been so long."

I breathed a sigh of relief: her voice had moved from beguiling to a low whine. She had passed from desire into despair. I was safe, or so I thought. Beloved sleep was imminent.

I was dreaming of sailing a Feluca on the Nile deep into the night. In the darkness, the blues, greens and beiges were softened into shadows and valleys. The white pillows of sails had turned to sighing silhouettes against the stars. Hands as soft as the darkness touched and stroked me like the summer wind. Hands black as the shoreline, floating bodiless about me, seeking and soothing. My body had become a reflection of the sky, sparking and glowing like embers fed by those tireless hands. When the circles of heat burned at my ankles and wrists, I realized I'd been moving in rhythm under those mysterious fingers. Whose fingers were they, anyway? Was I really dreaming? And where had that Nubian Captain gone while all this was happening?

I was awake.

At first I missed the dream. I wanted to be back on the Nile watching stars slip-slide in our wake. Then I got angry as I realized I was tied and blindfolded, spread across the bed, totally naked, with a clit as hard as a cherry pit. The hands weren't on me anymore, but I clearly sensed Sue's presence in the room.

"Sue, if you don't untie me immediately I'm gonna make you sleep in the garage!"

I could almost hear her smirk. Before I could make another useless threat I heard the click of a jacknife and felt cold steel against my vulva.

"Oh, my God," fell from my parted lips. I immediately stopped squirming and lay rigid, as the sharpness traced the outline of my clitoris. Sheets of heat flashed over my pelvis and the corner of my mouth tingled. So slowly that blade moved; so still I lay. I was helpless, my body a traitor to my anger. I was also, incidentally, panting quite heavily.

After an eternity of that space between terror and divine pleasure, Sue set the knife aside, leaned into my ear and breathed huskily, "I'm gonna get you now. You better relax cause I've got all night and I'm gonna take it."

I was rendered speechless. I was so aroused that my body seemed to undulate

on its own. When she put her lips on my erect nipples and sucked, my entire chest rose to meet her. Her tongue left trails of electricity on my face and hands. And when she offered me a finger to lick, I felt as if my entire life depended on sucking that finger.

Back and forth her hands, those hands from the dream, caressed my aching body. She prodded and pulled my breasts and nipples. She kissed my open mouth and tongued me deep and hard. Little kisses delivered to neglected regions spattered across thighs and buttocks.

"Please baby, give it to me." I had been reduced to a breathless pant. "Please . . . I need it. It hurts."

It did hurt. I felt like a cherry bomb about to explode. She was so quiet, I thought she had left the room. I couldn't help gushing a low moan as her finger suddenly moved against my clit. The moans kept coming as she stroked and pummelled, but always so damn slow.

I wanted it fast and I wanted it slow.

I wanted it.

Just as slowly her fingers slipped inside me. I bucked against her hand, fucking myself as hard as I could, given the ropes were cutting into my skin. It seemed like hours had passed since the first touch. I had no idea of the day, the season or even which year it was. I wanted her hand inside me, filling this burning longing. That was the extent of my reality.

With her hand still inside she pressed the entire length of her body against mine. She was naked also and her skin cool, smooth and wet. When her cunt opened onto my thigh it was so hot, I'm sure we created steam. Up and down she rubbed herself. In and out, her hand made sucking noises as she slipped the last finger inside.

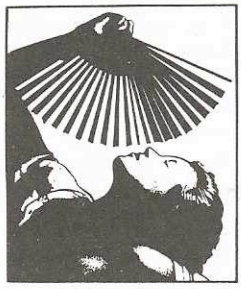
Suddenly, she wasn't lying on me anymore; her tongue was beating my clit into a frenzy. I don't remember much after that. I rubbed against her hand and mouth mindlessly. All of my body felt like molten glass, searing and liquid. I came.

Coming seemed to go on for days, a cool waterfall washing over my seared senses.

"I love you," I sobbed from within the torrent.

I didn't mind the smug self-satisfied grin that met my eyes when the blindfold was removed — she had earned it. It was a small concession for the pleasure I'd received. But from within the lushness of post–orgasm snuggling, a delightful idea emerged.

Revenge! Δ



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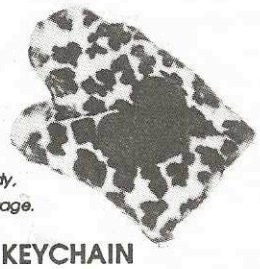

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FREEDOM... *(continued from page 21)*

freedom of speech." It does not state that it will only protect certain kinds of speech for specific groups. It does not exempt sexual speech. It does not exclude obscenity.

The definition of obscenity is still classically vague. In 1973, the U.S. Supreme court attempted a more precise definition. They came up with this: An obscene work must "taken as a whole, appeal to the prurient interest, portray sexual conduct in a patently offensive way, and lack artistic, literary, political or scientific value." Using this standard as a guide, it was left up to communities within each state to decide what was obscene. The locals could root out obscenity using this three prong test:

"(a) whether the average person, applying contemporary community standards would find that the work...appeals to the prurient interest

"(b) whether the work depicts...sexual conduct specifically defined by the State Law;

"and (c) whether the work... lacks serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value."

The adult entertainment industry that makes videos, magazines and sex toys has been battling these prongs for years. Adult video companies have been repeatedly raided and indicted on obscenity charges. Few are convicted, yet hefty legal costs drive them out of business. In a culture so fearful and ignorant of sexuality, pornography is a convenient scapegoat for all of society's problems.

In 1983 when Larry Flynt, publisher of *Hustler* magazine, went before the U.S. Supreme court and successfully defended his First Amendment right, few supported him. Over the years, Flynt had faced numerous obscenity charges, but it was a parody of the Reverend Jerry Falwell that made national news. *Hustler* depicted Falwell as a drunken scrooge who fucked his mother in an outhouse. Particularly among women, the opinion was if somebody had to go to jail over obscenity, please let it be this sleazebag, perverted misogynist, Larry Flynt.

While attempts to enforce obscenity laws increased, so did the demand for sexually explicit material. In1984, the Video Software Dealers Association estimated that 54 million x-rated tapes were rented from 14,000 national outlets. Yet a small handful of individuals kept insisting that nobody—especially children—should be able to see this stuff. Few adults who liked this stuff raised their voice in opposition. When push came to shove, it somehow seemed better to hide *Debbie Does Dallas* and send the smut-peddlers and their trash out of town, than to question constitutional law, or open discussions about sexual imagery.

Throughout the Reagan era, the pressure to squelch any controversial expression grew. As a favor to the conservatives and fundamentalists who had supported his campaign, President Reagan had his old cronie and Attorney General, Edwin Meese III spearhead a commission on pornography in 1985. The Meese commission findings were in direct conflict with those of the 1970 presidential commission, which recommended the abolition of all obscenity laws and urged a massive sex education effort. The Meese report concluded that pornography caused violence. This was the beginning of national battle to put an end to pornography once and for all—a battle that is more fiery now than ever.

Basically, the Meese Commission was a handshake between leftist feminist radicals and right-wing moralists. This weird collaboration seemed like an egalitarian bond—both sides agreeing on the same issue. But it was really another big score for the small group of moral guardians who are into controlling what we see, read, and hear, for our own good. From radical lesbian feminists like Andrea Dworkin, the good 'ol boys learned some new fighting words about violence and pornography and were ready to use it to their own advantage.

Although many progressives viewed the findings of the Meese Commission with alarm, they didn't view them as detrimental to the First Amendment. They reasoned that Ed Meese was a joke; a blundering buffoon who knew nothing about sexual politics and even less about porn. Andrea Dworkin's separatist rhetoric was so way out, certainly no white male heterosexuals (a.k.a. The Patriarchy) would ever take her seriously. And how were some of these subjective and emotionally based "facts" about porn causing violence against women going to be tested? By outlawing all erotic material? How ridiculous.

While we were laughing, they were organizing.

Who are they?

They are Tipper Gore and Susan Baker, two senators wives who organized the Parents' Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.) and then convinced Congress to listen to their simplistic argument that rock'n roll causes violence and teen-age pregnancy. Their strategy was so successful that music industry monopolists like Warner Bros. caved in and agreed to put a warning sticker on any record album that contains explicit (read: sexual) lyrics.

They are the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his American Family Association who run a top-dollar direct-mail campaign to fight the immoral and lascivious filth that is penetrating our films, books, art galleries and television sets. The AFA's tactics were so persuasive, ultimately Congress agreed to restrict the funding policies of the National Endowment for the Arts.

They are Senator Jesse Helms and other elected officials who believe they are preserving the American Dream by restricting our freedom to choose. Helms wasn't born out of the Mapplethorpe controversy. He has been a Republican demagogue in North Carolina's senate for 18 years. The rungs of his political ladder have been made out of pressure-cooked issues: the recognition of the Martin Luther King holiday, minimum wage increase and AIDS funding, all of which he voted against. He has voted in favor of prayer in public schools, Contra aid and the elimination of the right to abortion. If Helms has it his way, we'll all be looking at nice art—landscapes and bowls of fruit—not photos of sex and certainly not of homosexuals.

So who are we, anyway? We are the ones with no collective voice. We are the ones who didn't realize until just recently that one of our basic constitutional rights is near extinction. We are the ones who sit around the kitchen table and agree that censorship is wrong, but are waiting for someone else to do something about it. We are the ones who support freedom of expression, but we're not sure about the likes of Bob Guccione. We are the ones who battle for gay rights, but are still afraid to defend gay sex.

We are the Left, the liberals, the progressives, the free-thinkers and the artists who point the finger at all Republicans, Right-Wingers, conservatives, fundamentalists, and any other yuppie-types we can think of and blame them for this big ugly mess we're in now.

Right now, the war is on to get Jesse Helms out of office. Political action is a step in the right direction, but it's not going to solve the problem. Why? Because we can't expect Jesse Helms or Phyllis Schlafly or George Bush to come to their senses and say, "I was wrong. You were right. Let's have a wild orgy!"

It's pointless to try and warn someone who views censorship as a moral duty, about the fascism of censorship. How can we warn someone about the "threat", when they think we *are* the threat? There will always be those who remain in opposition to the expression of our sexuality.

Those who view themselves in some way as the thinkers, the subversives, and especially the artists, however, must stick together and defend the right to create and consume sexually explicit material. The morality plays of the New Right are intolerable, but so are the so-called anti-censorship liberals who are more than willing to leave a light on for the F.B.I.

Quelling this censorship hysteria is going to take more than getting conservatives out of office. Before we can even begin to convince bible-belters that sexual expression is not a perversion, we have to convince "our own kind." Sexual consumerism must come out of the closet. We have to challenge the fatal stereotype that only rapists and slimeballs enjoy porn, by standing up and speaking out for what turns us on. We can no longer afford to keep our mouths shut and our sex magazines under the bed.

We also have to convince people like Luther Campbell, like our gay leaders, the liberal media, feminists and activists that the right to freedom of sexual expression is worth fighting for. Only when we have come together with some sense of erotic solidarity can we effectively fight the war on sex. Δ

For more information on how you can preserve your First Amendment right, we suggest the following:

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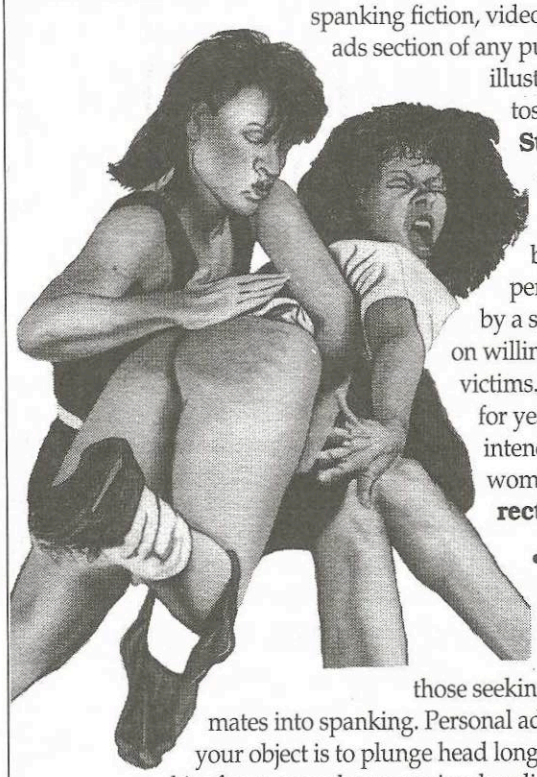

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ASK FANNY *(continued from page 9)*

know as well but also consider a friend, is fully aware of our attraction and involvement with one another. As a matter-of-fact, they have talked about the three of us getting together. Since this scenario has been brought up, I can't help but think about it. At first I thought, no. Now, I'm thinking, maybe. What am I getting myself into?

-Three's A Crowd?

Dear Crowded: *Since this woman is already involved with someone else and she wants to keep your relationship casual, that tells you she is mainly interested in sex and friendship. If you're interested in more than that, you are setting yourself up for big time hurt. If you truly feel you cannot have casual sex with her - don't.*

Why did the offer of threesome sex come up? It could be as simple as a desire for sexual adventure. You may be contemplating their offer for the same reason. Incredibly intimate and loving feelings can occur from such an encounter, but only when they are borne out of respect for the couple's relationship and for the invitation to share their love and sexuality. But to use a vulnerable situation to divide them emotionally from each other is ethically sinister.

It's important for all of you to be crystal clear about the purpose of this threesome. Too often couples use sex to fix relationship issues that are usually irrevocably broken, and singles join in a threesome to win one half of the couple. You cannot rule out the possibility that she is ready to leave her present relationship, and needs the impetus of a new love to make the move. If you honestly suspect she wants you, (follow your intuition because you do know the truth) then forget about a threesome. Sex with the girlfriend will only complicate a sticky emotional situation if she ends up leaving her for you. Protect yourself early on by either not getting involved, or being realistic about the nature of where's she's at emotionally and how that will affect your relationship.

If you can get savvy to the guidelines that could make this dream come true, don't delay. A threesome experience could end up being a fairy tale time. Your friends' relationship gets cemented, you are laden with love from the both of them, and everyone's happy! Δ

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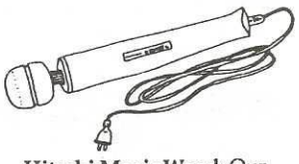

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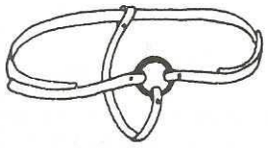

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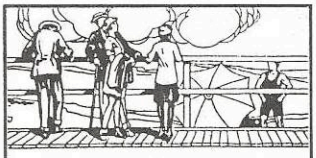

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BOOK/VIDEO REVIEWER

On Our Backs editorial department is seeking a freelance writer for book/video reviews. Must be able to provide succinct, insightful critique on sexually oriented material of interest to our lesbian audience. Send resumé and clips to: Lisa La Bia, *On Our Backs* 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

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PERSONALS
ON OUR BACKS

ON OUR BACKS PERSONALS ARE FOR WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN ONLY.

ATTRACTIVE FEMININE TOMBOY
31, educated, professional, traveller, straight forward nonsmoker with zest for lust. Looking for busty femme to share adventures with. Come ride on my new toy...my Harley, of course. West Palm Beach, FL. Box 713.

DANCING AND?
33, attractive & fun. Early 30's, bi. Seeking attractive aggressive feminine women that love to dance. Box 721.

WEIRD THRILLS
Smart, funny, kinky, abnormal woman, 28, seeks same (or vaguely similar) for Serious Romantic-Sexual Relationship, a.k.a. love, whatever the heck that means. I'm currently undergoing drastic re-evaluation of my definition of the word. How'd ya like to re-evaluate with me, baby? Nudge, nudge. Boring but mandatory laundry list: I like books, cheap laughs, soul-searching and perverted sex. I dislike television, tobacco, censorship, and monogamy. I'm neutral about lawn bowling, parsley, Scotch tape and four wheel drive. If I made you giggle, then send letter, photo, bad poetry, or anything else that expresses the Real You to Box 730.

THE HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH
To meet the women you've been looking for is the *On Our Backs* Personals. They've helped hundreds of women find lust and love! Send us your ad today! Only $15 for 30 words. Why spend another night alone?

> "I was too shy to answer a personal ad, so I placed one instead. It was very exciting to get all the letters but the best part was being able to choose who I wanted to meet."

FUNLOVING
Experienced & educated. Likes B/D, S/M, emphasis on having fun. Relocating to Bay Area May 90. Seeking lesbians for scenes, friendship. Group scenes welcome. Box 718.

SUCCESSFUL ASIAN ENTREPRENEUR
Very attracted to blond hair, blue eyes, petite, feminine women. If you are 33-40, single, attractive, enjoy quality of life, both financially and emotionally stable I would like to meet you for fun and more! Box 733.

WOMEN IN NEBRASKA DO
Fuck and I'm one of them. Seeking correspondence with erotically awakened lesbians who don't choke on words like penetration and fist. Need help with "how to" information. No smokers, alcoholics, unhealthy. Box 734.

CALLING ALL COCKS
Seeking other lesbian cocks to gang "rape" my delightful attractive femme bottom. Let's order her to suck your cock then whip her while she does, because she's only supposed to suck mine. Let's use all her holes at once. NY butches preferred. Send note describing your scene, photo helpful (will return). Box 735.

HEY, MARIANNE!
What are you doing reading the personals!? Don't you have enough girlfriends or are you gleaning ideas — do share. Speaking of ideas . . . I've been thinking about you and me and page 23 . . . My elevator is in free-fall. Call me now. — R.

CUTE SUBMISSIVE
Novice femme, 28, seeks kinky dominant older woman to initiate me and take total control of my life. Box 736.

WITCH BITCH SWITCH
Playing from the top—I'm seeking women of quality and substance. Lesbian only. S/M experienced. Any age or body type; butch or femme. I am plump, 38, clean & sober, and hot! Bay area. Box 737.

SILK AND LACE LADY
WF, slender, ultra-feminine, seeks slender, feminine WF with similar tastes to share loving, fun, adventurous relationship. Me: 32, 5'9, 115 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, sensitive, intelligent. Enjoy fine lingerie, masturbation, exhibitionism, lesbian videos, erotic photography, toys, mild B&D, sensual massage. Plus Florida Keys, art literature, romantic dinners, dancing shopping. Have supportive, submissive TV mate. Northeast area. You? Please send letter/photo/phone. Box 738.

HAIRY LADIES
WF, blond, BLU, 36, big nipples and hairy seeks other hair lovers for fun, friendship, sex. Willing to correspond and swap photos. Don't shave it—show it! Cristine, PO Box 4211, Ontario, CA 91761.

TOMBOY FEMME NOVICE
Looking for nice, cute, romantic butch to treat me like a woman. I'm 31, cute, in good shape. I want to be owned. Ages 20-35. SF area. Box 740.

BAY AREA SOBER DYKE
I'm a cute, energetic, 33, s/m switch. I want trim, nonsmoking lesbians for hot sex, casual dating, potential relationship. I'm open, honest, aware, into outdoor activities, dancing, theater. Box 741.

> "For Women ONLY—that's me, and that's why I placed my ad in On Our Backs."

DC AREA BIKER
Feisty top dominant (some switch) into S/M seeks submissive bottom fem to satisfy my every need, willing to be my lady/slut in/out of the house. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Photo & letter get mine. Box 742.

ULTRA FEMME IN FLORIDA
Very attractive bottom seeks ultra-butch top to tie me up, spank me, dominate my headspace as well as my body. I'll be a sweetly respectful slave in lingerie and high heels. Take me, make me. Sizzling sex aside, I'm 23, a college student, intelligent, stable and fun. Call my voicemail box (813) 253-6777.

BURN BABY BURN
Firebrand fox, slender, muscular build, 38, S/M top will enslave hot n' hungry bottom for sexual plaything/prisoner of love. Binding relationship for two; pain suite for you. Want it...wanna cum? Don't just simmer in your own juices—come burn, baby, burn! No tobacco. Southwest. Box 744.

NEW YORK CITY
GWF submissive seeks severe and relentless top(s) for playful encounters. Fond of bondage, coercion, force. (Force optional: will gladly submit to your will and desire.) Box 745.

THINKING LESBIANS
GWF, 30's, musician, socialist, traveller, "Renaissance Woman" seeks to correspond with thinking lesbians. I like everything from Vixen to Wagner. I'm a femme who changes her own oil. I wish to develop friendships via mail with other individualistic lesbians who think all animals, human beings, and non-humans have rights. Honesty, lack of bigotry and sense of humor a must. Southern New England, but interested in ALL correspondence. Especially Frisco and overseas. Box 746.

BLONDE BUTCH BOTTOM
Very cute, 25, submissive/masochist seeks attractive femme top. Spank me and fuck me and I'll be your obedient and devoted slave, mistress. I'm shy at first, so aggressive ladies call Voicemail (813) 253-6777. Specify Lisa in message.

A GOOD BUTCH IS HARD TO FIND
So why waste time looking in all the wrong places? Advertise in the *On Our Backs* Personals and meet Ms. Right, right away! Only $15 for 30 words. Place a personal ad today, and you could be in her arms tomorrow.

ARE YOU OUT THERE?
Hot top in search of submissive bottom to spank. You must enjoy lesbian cocks, B&D, and fisting. I'm blonde, attractive, 36, and love to read poetry while you masturbate. Novices welcome. Box 748.

YOU DO THAT VOODOO
GWF, 30, back to art school and swimming with the young pups, seeks mature woman with curls for experimental color theory project—you paint my swatches. Interested in visual art, fishing, biking, foreign travel, spiders (big furry ones) gardening, hokey religious kitsch, and voodoo (it works!) Oakland. Box 749.

HEY, JUNE!
A poem to appeal to the literary you:
Don't despair – Without your hair
You're so cute – I could lick your boot
(but only *your* boot) And rub your
head for luck – (It's up to you to
complete the next line of this rhyme)
Love you too. – You know who.

NO BONES
Full bodied femme/bottom with delicious breasts and experienced hands. Looking for occasional spice. Toys, fists, couples, singles. DC Area. Box 750.

> "Of all the personal ads I've ever run, the one I ran in On Our Backs got me in the sack!"

LITTLE GIRL SEEKS DADDY
Experienced, perverted, little girl residing within otherwise sleek, outgoing young woman, desires dominant father figure. Love rape & incest scenes, humiliation mixed with tenderness, worshipping his cock & boots, public play and ecstatic healing pain. I need a fierce but loving Daddy who's conscious, articulate, and SAFE. Under proper care, I squirm, blush and feign resistance exquisitely. Non-monogamous. San Francisco. Exchange letters/photos. Box 751.

PERSONALS
ON OUR BACKS

HOT COOL FIRM GENTLE
Sexy refined impeccably dressed exec. independent femme; be my loved. Requirements: Financial fitness, discretion, integrity, satisfaction. I undress you slowly, piece by piece (or tear it from your body.) Your sex blossoms open, you cannot resist. Your body so clean, my smooth hands touching you there. Intently I pursue what I want: you. You open even more. I continue. "Oooh," you say. You drip & cream all over the place. "Please..." Gripping into my body your perfect nails dig in tight. I fall in ~~lust~~ love. Box 757.

> "My girlfriend and I have had some mind-blowing times with women we've met through our personal ad."

ATTENTION EASTERN/SOUTHERN BUTCHES
B Femme, 22, BBW, ISO mature heavy-set butch of color who believes in old-fashioned romancing. You're the perfect "gentleman," I'm the perfect lady. No S/M or femmy butches, please. Box 753.

WILD NIGHTS
Hot, curvy, green-eyed, aggressive femme seeks drop-dead cute intelligent woman with an attitude, sense of humor, and ability to live lightly for erotic explorations, dancing, going deep without sinking. Let's explore SF inside and out. Box 754.

TEN TOPS LOOKING FOR BOTTOMS
Want a good spanking but are too shy to ask for it? Do you like to play slavegirl but can't imagine where to find a playmate? The *On Our Backs* Personals is the place for you! Fulfill your every fantasy without playing any guessing games. Only $15 for the 30 words that could change your life.

SOUTHERN PEN PALS
We are two southern lesbians who want to hear about your most secret, wildest, sexiest fantasies. S/M, B/D toys, fisting or sweet lesbian love. Send photo. Your letter gets ours. Box 755.

ah HA!
I THOUGHT I'd find you with your nose in this silly magazine! Not-at-all starving artsy type; 30ish, slim, good-lookin', long-haired, big-hearted, blue-eyed gal with Vogue-meets-Gap look, seeks woman to make me stop sighing about k.d. lang. I sure do go for that neo-butch cool (call me politically incorrect, but call me) and I'm wild for brains/cleverness/talent/accomplishment (your choice; artistic optional). You're as singular as I am, and we're not easy to find. SO, give your skepticism the day off and write me a letter, not note. I'll respond with a letter & photo. Northeast. Box 756.

On Our Backs Personals Really Work!

Here's just a few examples that raked in the responses:

• • •

FALLEN ANGEL
"I am Califia's fantasy!"

SHAMEFUL
"Make your golden dream cum true."

PESSIMISTIC MISANTHROPE SEEKS ANYONE
"Witty, asocial, introverted Cancer seeks correspondence."

IRREVERENT BAR SLUT
"I drink, smoke, am financially secure and reckless as hell!"

EROTIC LETTER–PIX EXCHANGE
"Wet panty swap if interested."

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:

   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, &
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:
   ***On Our Backs* Personals**
   526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

PERSONAL AD FORM

AD DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 1990.

PERSONAL: $15 FIRST 30 WORDS, 40 CENTS PER ADDITIONAL WORD, $2.00 FOR BOLD HEADLINE.

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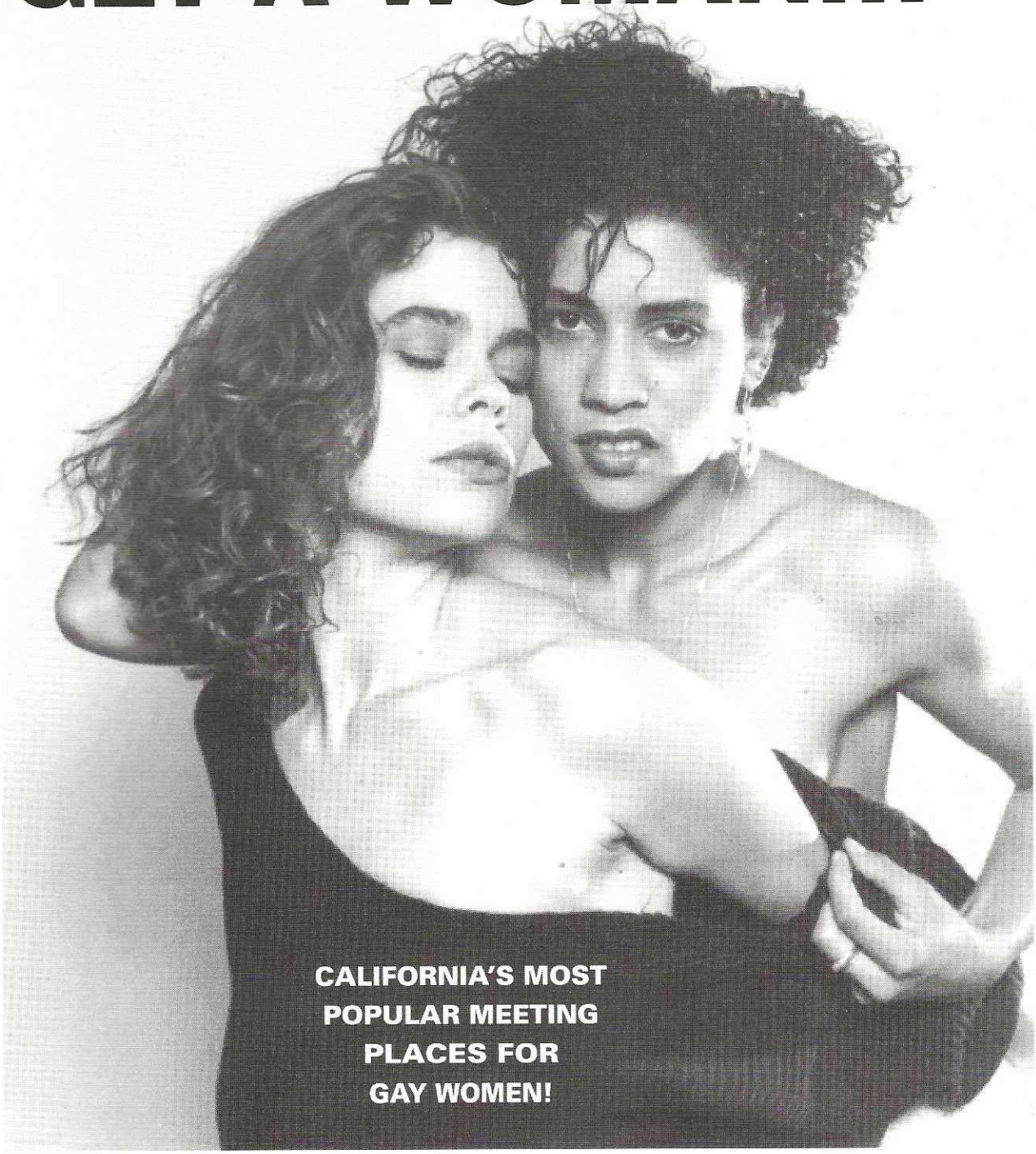

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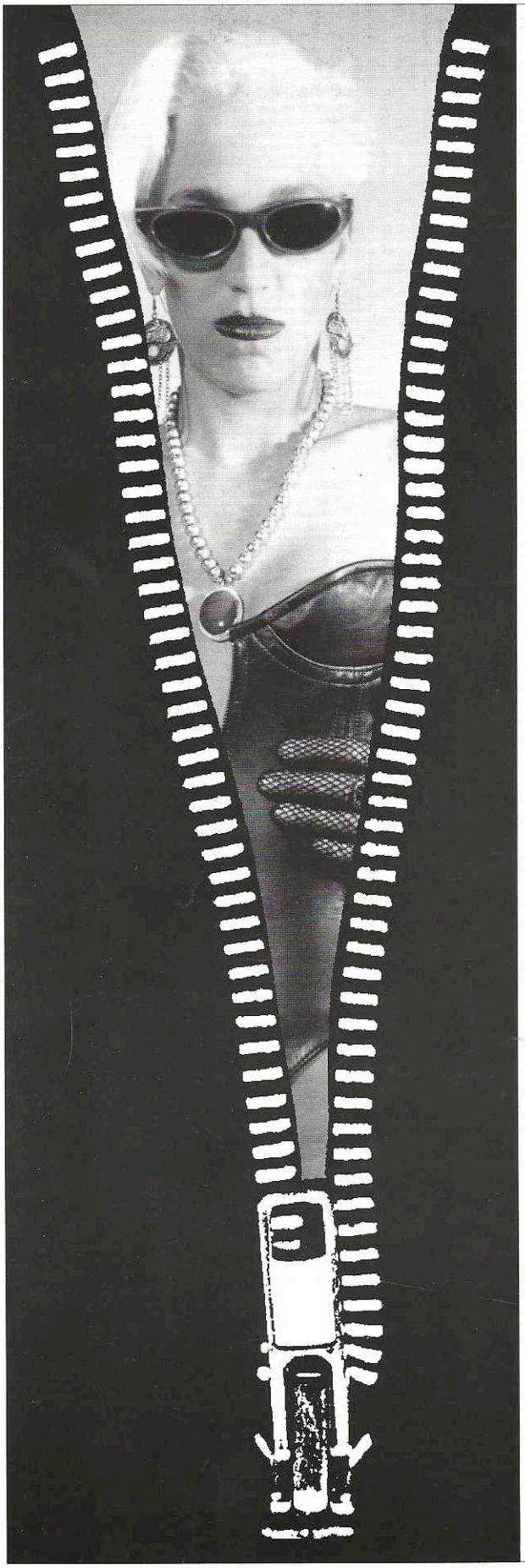

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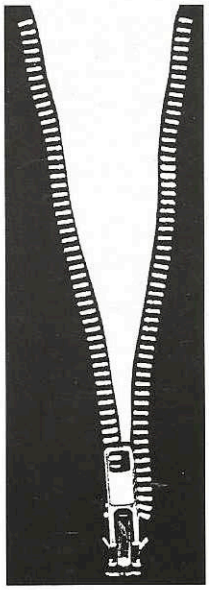
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